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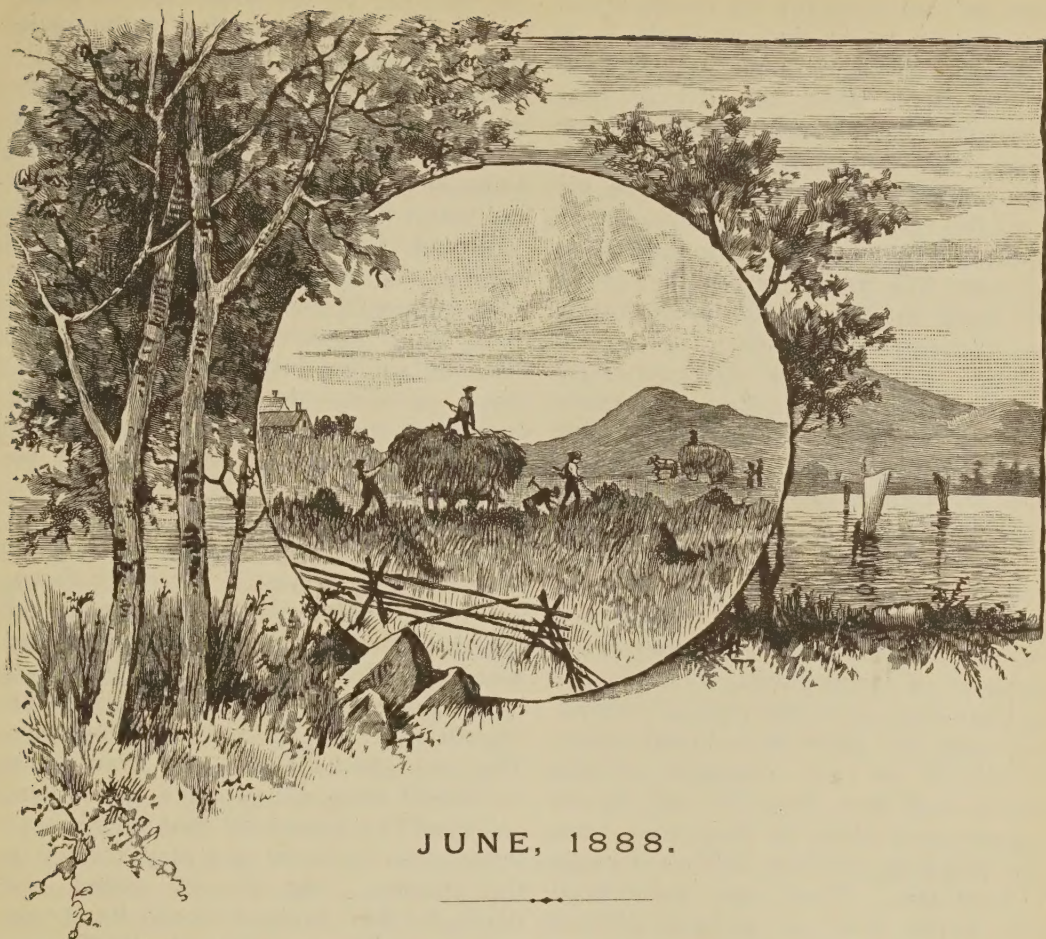


PURITAN.









JUNE, 1888.

ROSES ARE PLANTED by everybody. They endure the climate, or, more properly, the great variety of climates of this country; in some form they are available plants for open ground culture from Florida to Canada. If we cannot succeed with one class of them, we can with another, and so the taste is gratified, at least, to a certain extent. What the Geranium is to the window garden the Rose is to open ground culture.

Rose-growing is a most important part of commercial horticulture. Immense numbers are raised and sold every year, and the demand is never satisfied. California boasts most loudly of its Roses, but we suppose the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States are equally favorable to the raising of even the more tender varieties of Tea, Bourbon, &c. At the north we are obliged to give special attention to the hardier classes and varieties, using the Monthlies only for summer bedding or as greenhouse plants. But the hardiest are not wholly proof against the very great cold we experience every

winter, consequently, protection is demanded for the highest success. This is very commonly neglected; when snow lies on the ground during the coldest weather it affords the plants the required protection, or as much of them as it covers, for though the ends of the shoots may be killed back the injury is not vital, and only does what might otherwise be neglected in the way of pruning. Still, we are often visited by the severest cold when the ground is bare, and in this case Rose bushes are killed in great quantities, or so injured as to make them worthless. Few winters pass without much destruction to Roses in the Northern States, and yet the person who carefully protects his Rose plants at the beginning of the cold season is an exception among his neighbors. As a rule, we think, people prefer to take the chances of injury rather than to be at the trouble or expense of giving the plants the needed protection. If we could get the best results in flowers the first year from newly set plants, this course would not be ob-



jected to, and certainly the commercial plant-grower would find no fault, as it would increase the demand for his stock. But the plant does not give its best blooms until established and has become strong. By following this happy-go-lucky way with our plants, therefore, we fail in the very purpose we attempt, that of getting blooms. Many who read these lines can, this month, especially, attest their truth by the unsatisfactory specimens in their own grounds.

While the Rose is very generally planted, it must be admitted that there are very few good rose-growers. But these remarks relate to the great public rather than to those few who might be called rose-growers; as already said, everybody plants Roses, but those who properly take care of them are few, indeed. Besides the neglect which has now been noticed, there is another in the treatment of these plants, which is not less injurious. It is the lack of cultivation, using the term in a broad sense. The plants are not manured, are not pruned, and very often the soil is not loosened about them for year after year. After planting, they are left to struggle for existence. They are considered hardy shrubs that can succeed without attention. The Rose is a plant with great vitality, and it can endure much, and still, in its season, display its beauty and diffuse its fragrance.

After first planting, in good soil, it continues for a number of years to be a delight, but eventually fails from sheer neglect. The Rose is a great feeder if the proper nutriment is supplied, and in return gives a great growth with a corresponding amount of bloom. It should be regularly supplied with manure—giving a good coating of stable manure on the surface in the fall, and digging it in in the spring is a good way—and there is little danger of ever giving too much. After Rose plants have stood in the same place a number of years, it is best to prepare a piece of new ground for them, digging deep and well enriching it. As to pruning, it is very much neglected, the bushes being allowed frequently to take their course without the use of the knife, it apparently not being understood that the bloom is borne on new wood, and that this can be increased in quantity and vigor by proper pruning. Such are some,

but not all, of the afflictions to which this favorite and long-suffering plant submits at the hands of the great public.

If by this writing some can be stimulated to give their Rose bushes better treatment, and it is not much they require, they will be repaid in many more and better flowers.

Instead of keeping all Roses in bush form, as the prevalent practice is, they may frequently be managed to produce many more flowers and give desirable effect by bending down the strong shoots. Some varieties do not grow strong enough to manage well in this way, but those that make strong canes can be so treated.

Reserve the tall canes, instead of cutting them back, and bend them over and peg down; if there are three, four or more of them they can be spread out, radiating from the center if the space will allow it, or they can be placed in fan-shape, or laid in exactly opposite directions if the space is a narrow one. The new shoots that grow from these horizontal arms will produce the bloom, and it will be perceived that many more flowers can be borne on a plant trained in this manner. As already stated, the plants for this purpose should be strong ones, and they must be plentifully manured in order to enable them to carry their load of blossoms.

As a timely suggestion, we would mention the great utility of whale oil soap for the destruction of some insects that are apt to infest Rose bushes; especially green-fly and the rose hopper, or thrips. One pound of whale oil soap is sufficient for eight gallons of water. The mixture should be thrown on the plants with a syringe or hand force pump, managing so as to wet the under as well as the upper sides of the leaves. Frequent syringing the bushes over with clean water will almost entirely prevent insects from getting lodgment on the plants. When insects are allowed, as they frequently are, to injure and even destroy the foliage of the plants, it is the result of neglect; and then we hear sighs and complaints, and exclamations that "there is no use of trying to raise Roses now-a-days, for the insects eat them all up." We do not know of any class of plants cultivated for their flowers that will give more satisfaction for the labor expended on them, than



Roses, and the attention they need should not be given grudgingly.

The variety of Hybrid Perpetual Roses is so great, and their qualities so different, there is sufficient opportunity for individual preferences, and if we could have a wide expression of such preference, there would be found to be many favorites. Still, a select list can be made of comparatively few kinds that combine the greatest number of good points. Such lists have, at various times, been published in these pages. As a late expression of well qualified parties we here give the selections made by D. M. DUNNING, ANTHONY LAMB and WILLIAM C. BARRY, at the last winter meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society. These lists were made in answer to the question: Which are the best six Hybrid Perpetual Roses, and the best ten?

Mr. DUNNING's list: Marshall P. Wilder, Baroness Rothschild, Baron de Bonstetten, Marie Bauman, Anne de Diesbach, Madame Gabriel Luizet, Louis Van Houtte, Eugene Verdier, Mabel Morrison, General Jacqueminot.

Mr. LAMB's list: Marshall P. Wilder, Baron de Bonstetten, Anne de Diesbach, General Jacqueminot, John Hopper, Caroline de Sansal, Princesse Camille de Rohan, Louis Van Houtte, Coquette des Alpes.

Mr. BARRY's list; Marshall P. Wilder, Baron de Bonstetten, Gen. Jacqueminot, John Hopper, Baroness Rothschild, Caroline de Sansal, Anne de Diesbach, Merveille de Lyon, Louis Van Houtte, Madame Gabriel Luizet.

It will be noticed that no list of the best six is given, no one, apparently, being willing to confine a selection to that number; but it will also be noticed that five varieties are common to the three lists, viz.: Wilder, Bonstetten, Diesbach, Jacqueminot and Van Houtte, and that two of the lists name Madame Gabriel Luizet, Baroness Rothschild, Caroline de Sansal and John Hopper. It is certain that these are all very choice varieties.

A colored plate is presented this month of one of the finest among the newer varieties of Hybrid Perpetuals. Puritan is an English variety, originated by Mr. BENNETT, and has already been proved in this country to be reliable and valuable. It is a result of a cross between Mabel Morrison and De-

voniensis. It is a robust grower, and carries the foliage right up under the flower, is very fragrant, the perfume having been compared to that of the Magnolia; the buds in opening are yellowish, changing to pure white as they expand; it is one of the most abundant bloomers. The specimen from which the plate was made was taken from a young plant and does not represent the flower of full size, it is much larger than there shown, but in regard to its peculiar graceful form and curve of petals it is well represented. It has proved to be a fine variety for forcing. The hardiness of the plant has not been fully tested. It is claimed that it is hardy at the north without protection, but this is improbable. Its origin indicates that it will probably require about the same protection as La France.

Among the new French Roses of this year are several contributions to the Polyantha section, which are as follows:

Claire Jacquier, flowers nankeen yellow, small, but produced in very large clusters; growth climbing.

Gloire des Polyantha, flowers bright rose with white centers; petals often flaked with red; small, full and nicely formed; growth dwarf; flowers produced abundantly.

Mademoiselle Jeanne Ferron, flowers flesh color, centers fine satin rose; large for its class, full; growth climbing.

Elsewhere in this number the new combination of the Tea and rugosa sections in the variety Madame Georges Bruant is noticed, with illustration. There is much to be hoped for in this union in the way of hardiness, beauty and fragrance. To what extent these qualities are united in this variety is yet to be proved.

From the later varieties of Hybrid Perpetuals we notice that ELLWANGER & BARRY have placed in their list, this season, Clara Cochet, clear satin rose with brighter center, large and full; Earl of Dufferin, "an early, continuous and late bloomer," large, perfect symmetry, delightful fragrance, rich, brilliant, velvety crimson, shaded with dark maroon; Gloire Lyonnaise, "white, tinted yellow, large, moderately full, resembles a Tea Rose in form and fragrance; Lady Helen Stewart, flowers a bright crimson scarlet, highly perfumed, "flowering profusely throughout the entire season until late in autumn, when it is especially fine."



## ABUTILONS FOR BEDDING.

A writer in the *Gardeners' Magazine* supplies a photograph showing a group of Abutilons for the center of a bed, stating that the larger plants in the group have been bedded out successively for four years, and the smaller ones, on the outer edge of the group, two years. The low-growing plants are bedded Geraniums. Abutilons of different colors, yellow, white or orange, can be employed, and as the plants become large and the blooms numerous, they appear very bright as seen among their handsome leaves. These plants are easily raised and kept over from year to year, as the wood ripens at the end of autumn; and if one does not wish to keep them in leaf they can be preserved through winter in a dormant state by heeling them in in a cellar where the temperature is above freezing. Or they may

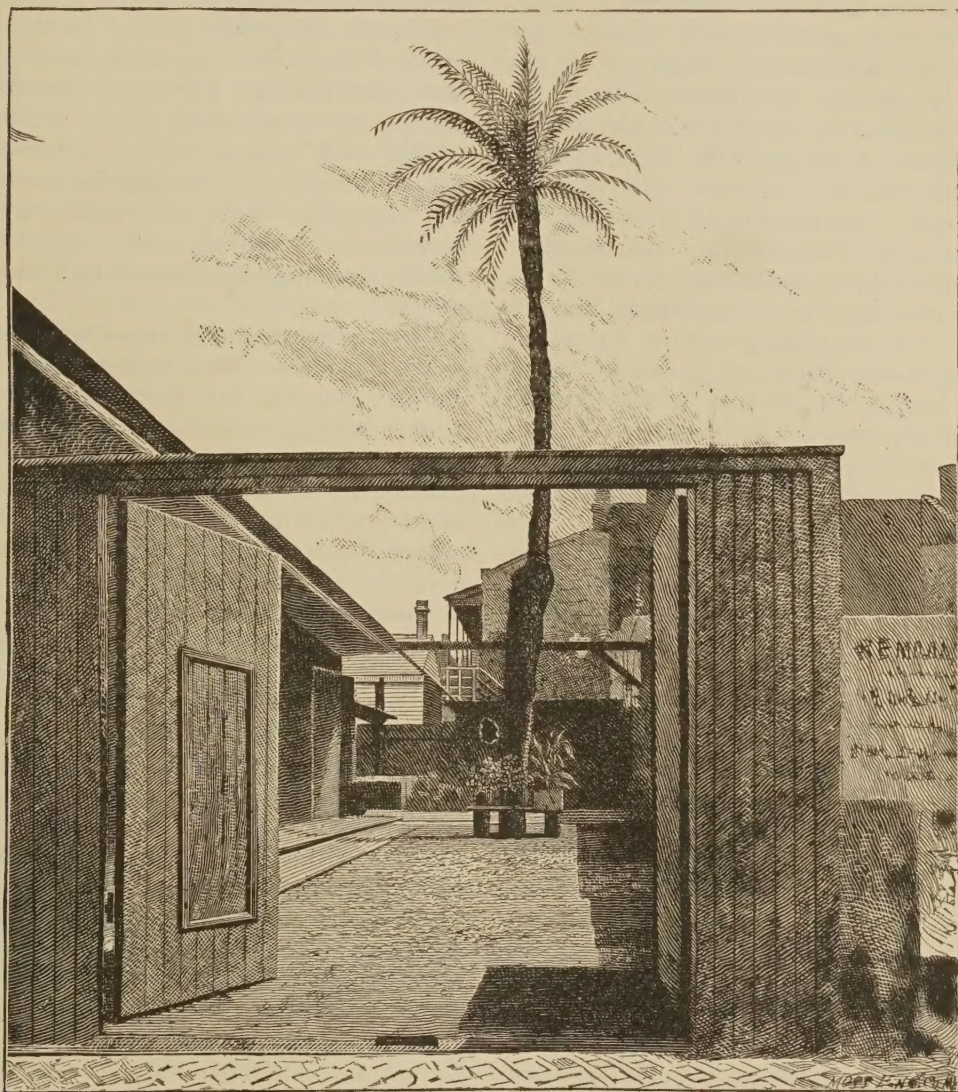


be taken up when frosts come, their roots and tops shortened, and then potted and placed in a temperature of  $55^{\circ}$  or  $60^{\circ}$ , where they will make a little growth and be ready to plant out again in spring. Although the merits of this plant are well known to many, and its value for bedding, yet it is seldom seen thus employed. It deserves to be brought more into notice. Abutilons can also be planted out with fine effect in groups, the plants standing about three feet apart, and thus having room to develop symmetrically in pyramidal form, like miniature Maple trees. Their general resemblance to the Maple has acquired for them the name of Flowering Maple. Even single plants in small grounds are effective by their handsome, erect and branching habit, full leafage, and abundant, bright-colored, pendant blooms. Any good garden soil will suit them, and a little attention by way of hoeing and manuring will cause them to push a vigorous growth. The many varieties exhibit differences in habit of growth; some are tall, some dwarf, and one, *A. Mesopotamicum*, weak of stem and spreading. Besides the colors mentioned there are a few varieties with flowers of different shades of crimson, so that in this plant there is a sufficient variety of features to make it available in many ways in the open ground, where it should be found as frequently as it now is in our greenhouses and windows.



## A TREE WITH A HISTORY.

During a recent visit to New Orleans, I discovered in a wood-yard, near the corner of Orleans and Dauphin streets, and bearing the distinctive title of "Père Antoine's Palm," a Date tree, whose history and antiquity is shrouded in no little mystery and uncertainty. Inquiry further revealed that the surroundings, now given over to shops and traffic, constituted, in the latter part of the last century, the garden of FR. ANTONIO DE SEDELLA, a Spanish *cura*, whose simple, practical piety, unbounded charity, and unsullied, unselfish character, so endeared him to the hearts



PERE ANTOINE'S PALM.

of the people as to obtain for him popular canonization as a saint. When he died, the entire city was plunged in grief, all business was suspended, courts adjourned, theaters closed, and young and old, including the clergy of every sect and denomination, united to pay final respect to the good man; even the Masonic Chapters of high and low degree, in full regalia and badges of mourning, walked in solemn procession behind the bier, the only occasion in the history of the order where such honors have been accorded the remains of a Romish priest.

As I gazed upon the venerable tree, so suggestive of glittering sands bordered by green groves and babbling brooks, of white tournoured Arabs and stately camels, I experienced an ineffable feeling of sadness, and, incongruous as it may seem, the transition from the shores of the Mediterranean to the rugged hill of Midlothian was



simple, sympathetic and abrupt, for we both were "strangers in a strange land." Then, as the thin, sharp foliage sighed beneath the damp, chill December wind, and wept great drops of moisture that trickled in abject misery down the scarred and swollen trunk, I could imagine as an expression of grief and nostalgia—the sequel of a futile and lonely life.

For years, more than a century, perhaps, this was the only Palm of the species in America; but whence it came, or how it found its way hither, few know or care, though innumerable tales, idle and fanciful, cluster around its imposing presence. Some whisper it sprang from the heart of a fair Moresco snatched from her home by violence, and forced to lead a life that made her neither maid nor wife, and who died dreaming of Palms and pining for the hills and groves of her native land. Others that it was brought from Syria by a noble adventurer, as a reminder of days passed among the shifting scenes of the Orient. Others, again, assert it stood in the midst of a bit of sandy prairie, where it now stands, when IBERVILLE brought the first colonists to Louisiana; that subsequently it was prostrated by a hurricane, and that the present trunk is a second product of the roots. None of these, or other popular tales, bear the test of scrutiny, however, and manifestly are of recent origin, except, perhaps, that which declares with the fall of the tree the lands about will revert to the city or to the heirs of the original grantees. From the Honorable CHARLES GAYARRE, Louisiana's Historian, was obtained the following, derived from the last century—though by no means vouched for—which possesses, at least, the merit of antiquity.

Early in the spring of 1727 an armed corvette, hailing from Brest, appeared most unexpectedly in the river. Dispatches sent on shore, at the Government House produced no little bustle and excitement, and officers hurried hither and thither in response to orders issued by Governor PÉRIER, and presently the latter, attended by his staff, put off to the ship.

On the return of the barge, it was observed, beside the Governor and suite, to contain two naval officers of high rank, and also a swarthy stranger, who, while clad in the costume of the Frank, from

his haughty indolence, the star of brilliants upon his breast, and the black servant that kneeled at his feet, appeared to be of the Ottoman race.

After remaining a guest of the Governor for some days, the unknown was conducted with all the courtesy and ceremony due to a person of exalted station, to a cottage hastily prepared for his reception in a beautiful garden in the suburbs. Here, with no other companion than the Nubian attendant, he dwelt, always in quiet and great seclusion. Prying and curious eyes declared he passed his time in the garden, consuming cigarettes deftly fashioned by the servant, as required, and that neither spoke any language known to Christian people.

Who, or what, the stranger was, or the misfortune that had exiled him to a country that was but little better than a penal colony, was a mystery carefully concealed by officials, or merely explained as a "State secret," the key of which rested with the Governor alone, and the latter persistently frowned upon curiosity, and severely rebuked inquiry.

Soon it was noised abroad that the cottage harbored no less distinguished a personage than a Turkish Prince, a near relative of the reigning Sultan, forced to flee the wrath of the sovereign against whose life he had dared to plot, and was cited in proof the strange language and the Oriental vagaries of costume and habit exhibited by master and man. Moreover, it was not to be denied he was a guest of state, owing to the extraordinary respect manifested by the highest officials, or that the vessel that conveyed him hither—on arrival, but not on departure—had flown not only the customary naval ensign, but also the Bourbon pennon, a sure indication of the presence of a royal personage.

Time passed on. Christmas, with its festivities, had come and gone. The last night of the old year was ushered in by intense darkness and a war of elements that drove the inhabitants shivering to their firesides; even the dogs cowered, disconsolately howling in their kennels, an event regarded by the superstitious as ominous of some great and appalling tragedy. The few people who, by accident or necessity, chanced to be abroad at midnight, the following morn-



ing told of meeting, swiftly and stealthily gliding in the direction of the cottage of the unknown, a band of armed men clad in strange costume, and whose countenances beneath the lightning's flash bore the fierce appearance of malefactors or myrmidons of blood. Toward New Years' evening these rumors reached the ears of those in authority, when the cottage was found vacant, though with no evidences of mortal struggle nor premeditated or hasty flight. In a sandy portion of the garden, however, was discovered a square of newly turned soil that might hide a corpse; but this Governor PÉRIER would not allow to be disturbed. A few days later it was made known by fishermen from the coast that for some weeks a strange and "piratical appearing" craft, flying a white crescent on blood-red ground, had been hovering about the Gulf, and on the 31st of December, the day of the supposed tragedy, cast anchor in Lake Borgne.

Ultimately all doubts were removed by a marble slab uncovered by rains, that bore an inscription in strange characters, pronounced by the parish priest to be Arabic—the scholastic language of the Moslem. This was taken up and sent to Paris, whence came the translation:

"I, the Sublime Emperor of the Moslem, the Defender of the Faith, the Omnipotent Master, the Sultan of the World, have redeemed my vow. Great is Allah, and Allah is just! The Date shall strew its fruit upon the traitor's grave!"

Further explanation also came from the French Court. The unknown was the brother of Sultan MUSTAPHA, recently dethroned by his nephew, ACHMET, and who, after swearing fealty to the latter, had been detected in sowing dissension and discontent among the Janizaries. For this reason he had sought protection of LOUIS XV, or rather that of the Duke of Orleans, who held

the office of Prince Regent. Turkey, at this time, as practical mistress of the Mediterranean, was held in no little awe by all Europe, and when demand was made upon the Regent for the surrender of the fugitives, the latter fearing to jeopardize the relations existing between the Ottoman and Bourbon Courts, yet deeming it derogatory to the dignity of France to comply (or, perhaps, for political reasons, desiring to retain in his power a personage who, by an act of the Janizaries, might at any moment become the Vice Regent of MAHOMET), resorted to the expedient of sending his guest across the Atlantic to the care of Governor PÉRIER, and replying he had fled to Louisiana, a country, from its situation beyond jurisdiction, and so remote it might be regarded as the grave.

Eventually a strange shrub appeared close to the spot where the marble slab had been buried that time developed into a Palm of the Date species, which explained the part of the inscription upon the tablet which referred to the fruit of the Date strewing the "traitor's grave." This prediction, however, has never been fulfilled, since isolation has ever cursed the tree with sterility.

This tragedy took place in the lower part of the garden that, subsequently, was the scene of FR. ANTONIO DE SEDELLA'S devotions, and for many years bore evidence of his tender care and love of horticulture, and the Palm is that which to-day bears his name under the gallicization of Père Antoine.

I tell the tale as it was told me. It may be a legend merely, but it certainly obtains many of the elements of truth, and is generally accepted as such by the older and more intellectual of the Creole inhabitants. Unfortunately it cannot be substantiated beyond all question, neither can it be definitely denied.

DR. G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL, F. Z. S.

## EVER-BLOOMING ROSES OUT OF DOORS.

The several classes of Roses which, grouped together, may be called the ever-blooming section, are not, for some reason or other, planted as generally as they ought to be. They are free-flowering, embrace a wide range of color, and will serve a longer term in the growing

season of the year than most other plants used for bedding. These characteristics, which they undoubtedly possess, should secure them a larger place in public favor than they have so far taken possession of. The Hybrid Perpetual Roses, so called, are indispensable in their line, but ought never

to have had the term, perpetual, applied to their flowering qualities, as a class. Some few of them give a few straggling blooms toward fall, a very few of them give quite a fair second crop in the autumn; but the average Hybrid Perpetual "struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." But we cannot, must not, do without it. It is the monarch of the flower garden. *Vivat Regina! Vivat Rex!*

But there are genuine princes and princesses among the everblooming Roses, which may well claim to be better supported, even in this republic, where persons in sinecure offices are not supported at the public expense (?)

The cottage garden should have them by the dozen; the merchant's residence should have its grounds beautified with them by the hundred; the larger private grounds and public parks should have them by the thousand. Their real wants are few, their merits and uses are many. Their price is low, their garden value is high.

**Soil.**—The soil for Tea and other everblooming Roses may vary very much more than one might suppose after reading some of the "instructions" we sometimes meet. No doubt a good medium yellow or light brown loam, deep and well drained, is what all Roses naturally prefer, and this forms a sort of standard to observe in the selection or in preparing a soil for a rose bed. In this article, however, I am "going to speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen," principally, at least.

I have grown Roses in almost all sorts of soils, and again, I have grown almost all classes of Roses in similar soil, and I may say that, while some Roses evidently do best in heavy and others in light soils, most of them succeed in a good, medium, well drained garden soil, such as would answer well for a vegetable garden. Where such a soil naturally exists it would almost be waste of time, and a useless expense to dig out the bed or border a foot or more, drain it and refill with fresh loam.

Six years ago this spring I made a rose bed in a soil that was so very light loam that it might almost be called sand. It was manured moderately with some very old, well decomposed barn-yard manure, and has improved each season,

apparently. The trouble in such light soil was from May-bug larvæ, which, I believe, killed a plant or two by eating the roots.

The soil, then, may, if well drained, so that no water ever stays about the plants, be either very heavy or light loam, or medium. If extremely heavy it would be benefitted by having some sand or sandy soil dug in and well worked up with it before planting. On no account should the bed be made where high fences, buildings, or trees overshadow it.

**The Plants.**—These should be moderately grown plants, from two and a half to four-inch pots. If shipped from a distance, they should come by freight, with the ball of earth undisturbed, and should be sufficiently established for the roots to hold the ball of earth fairly well. This is likelier to be the case with semi-dormant year-old plants, which are in any case to be preferred for outside planting, if obtainable, and the probability of their enduring the winter is greater than with spring or winter struck and rapidly grown plants. The latter, however, will usually give very good results, and a good spring struck plant, well rooted in a two and a half-inch pot, will answer well, if properly planted and cared for.

**Time of planting.**—For the best results, plant as early as possible after the ground is in working condition and the ground is not likely to be more than crusted over by frost, as, by planting year-old, semi-dormant stock, with a little protection from inverted flower-pots on frosty nights, no harm would result to the plants, and much time would be gained by their getting well established at the roots. Another most important result of the latter would be their power to withstand dry weather. Planting from pots may, however, be done up to the first or even the middle of June, but it would be well to use the larger sized plants if they can be readily procured.

In case shipped plants should arrive in bad condition, with the soil shaken from the roots, it would be necessary to pot them in as small pots as they would comfortably go in, water well, and keep shaded and close for a week, gradually harden off, and when the pots are fairly filled with roots, they may be planted.

**Planting.**—In the case of plants from pots, the operation of planting is a simpler



matter than with those with spreading roots and no earth attached. As the bed or border after manuring and digging should be made moderately firm again, the hole had better be made with a trowel a few inches wider than the ball of earth. Some of the finest soil should then be filled in around the ball and be made a little firm, then with both hands press the ball gently down into its place and cover with half an inch of mellow soil. This should now be about an inch below the general level of the bed, a sort of shallow basin around the plant. Each plant should be well watered to settle the soil, watering until each plant has had two to four quarts. The day following the planting the bed should be carefully raked all over, this will cover the watered portions and prevent the soil around the plants from cracking and drying out—acting as a mulch.

After treatment.—Some prefer to mulch a rose bed during summer, others manure well in the bed, and then keep the surface stirred with hoe or rake. I believe a good way is to divide the manure, using a moderate amount in the bed and a light mulch on top, always using old, well decayed cow manure, if possible. I would also advise the stirring the surface frequently, as this keeps the whole top soil and the manure in the condition of a mulch, and conserves the strength of the

manure by absorption; the rains and waterings taking the nutriment to the roots in the best possible form and quantity. In this way weeds have no chance to get established, and the bed has a better appearance than when covered with manure.

Pruning.—Keep all decaying blossoms cut away, and use flowers for house bouquets and gifts, and, if planted in lines or masses for color effect, prune out branches that interfere, or tie them in position. Beyond this all that need be said about pruning ever-blooming Roses, either in doors or out, is to repeat *Punch's* advice to those about to get married—"Don't."

Some of the best varieties.—Hybrid Tea—La France, silvery pink. Tea—Bougère, rosy bronze; \*Homer, flesh color; \*Perle des Jardins, yellow; Coquette de Lyon, pale yellow; \*Catharine Mermet, bronzy pink; \*Sunset, fawn color; Sombreuil, creamy white tinged pink; \*Duchesse de Brabant, pink; \*The Bride, white; Papa Gontier, crimson. Bengal—\*Agrippina, deep velvety crimson. Bourbon—Appoline, pink; \*Hermosa, rose color; \*Souvenir de la Malmaison, flesh color; \*Queen of Bedders crimson. Polyantha—\*Little White Pet, white; \*Mignonette, pink.

Those marked with an asterisk (\*) are the best and most distinct.

JAMES BISHOP.

## A LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

"Whatsoe'er of beauty  
Yearns and yet reposes,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Took a shape in Roses."

LEIGH HUNT.

Looking back for the commencement of European civilization, we find its cradle in the beautiful, historic peninsula which its sons called Hellas, and for which we have adopted the Roman name, Greece. But before the age of civilization and of reason, came the darker age of fable, and these old legends have a mystic charm for most of us, for, though we may not be able to read aright what is written between the lines, we know they are something more than fairy tales—that truth, as well as poetry, is in them, although it may not be fully understood.

Modern Corinth is a miserable, unhealthy, almost deserted place, with very

little remaining of its former greatness; yet it is the site of that ancient Ephra of which HOMER speaks, and calls its citizens, "The wealthy Ephyreans, the especial favorites of Mars." Afterward, when Ephra became more celebrated, under the name of Corinth, we read that "Poseidon struggled with Apollo for Corinth," and, still later, we learn that Diana was dethroned in Corinth that Venus, the goddess of beauty and love, might reign alone in the hearts and lives of the Corinthians.

By remembering the attributes of the different gods and goddesses mentioned above, we may, perhaps, the better understand what the Germans wish to convey in this little "legend of the Rose."

"The Bacchiads ruled in Corinth for two hundred years, and were named for

Bacchus, the first king of their race." Probably the "nymph Rotanda," who ruled over Corinth "a very long time ago," was a daughter of this house, and she was very, very beautiful, and the most noble youths of Hellas, and particularly of Corinth, were suitors for her hand.

Corinth, from the fatness of the Bœotian plains and the freshness of the Bœotian streams, grew richer from year to year, and Rotanda, from year to year, grew more lovely and more divinely fair. But still she chose no one from among her many suitors to rule with her in Corinth, for she had always said, "Who would win my love must struggle for it." But Mars was no longer the patron of the city, and the people had grown effeminate, even the strongest and best of her youth.

Probably in the self-same "Olive grove, near Corinth," where stood an altar to Diana, in the time of Jason and Medea, when, according to Euripides, "Creon was king of Corinth," and Antestor was the city's "scourge," in later times, a temple had been built in honor of the goddess, which resembled a royal palace, having a roof and, perhaps, a treasury, and an innermost sanctuary, where a robed figure of Diana stood, with her shield and drawn sword. The sanctuary was opened by a priestess of the temple only when a sacrifice was to be made to the goddess.

Now, in the age of Rotanda, this one temple yet remained for the worship of the goddess Diana, and when much pressed to choose a husband from among her many lovers, she fled to this temple of Diana, and to the innermost sanctuary of the temple, and took the shield and sword from the statue of the goddess. When her admirers had followed her to the door of the temple and saw that it was closed against them, they opened it with violence and forced their way to the innermost sanctuary of the temple, and there, at the feet of the disarmed statue of the goddess, stood Rotanda, with the shield of the goddess in her left hand and the sword of the goddess uplifted in her right hand, while her face was flushed and her eyes glowed with fiery courage.

When the Grecians looked upon her they cried, "O, how beautiful! how beautiful, and how like a goddess! she shall be the goddess of this temple!" Then the people seized the statue of the

goddess Diana, dragged it down and threw it forth from the temple. There it lay upon the ground, dishonored, while the Grecian people all fell down before Rotanda and worshipped her.

But Apollo, the brother of Diana, and the former patron of the city, hearing of the desecration of the temple, came from Delphi, at the foot of Olympus, and being enraged at the sight of such sacrilege, he looked down with flaming, angry eyes upon Rotanda and the worshipping people—and behold! As the god looked down upon her she became stiff and immovable, her feet grew fast to the earth and grew into the earth as roots. Her arms became the branches, and her fingers the twigs of a tree; her hair became the leaves and blooms of the tree. Behold! Rotanda had been transformed into a Rose tree, with thorns; but her admirers, her worshippers were transformed into butterflies.

As far as we may pierce into "the night of ages," floral offerings were made to Diana, just as bread and fruit were offered to Juno, and later her statues were wreathed in flowers, and flowers were placed at their feet, but never was a richer, more costly floral offering made than this. The ancient Greeks were thus warned not to condemn the gods. But did Apollo give, with his curse of the waters of Lethe, the river of Oblivion, of which whoever tastes forgets whatever he has seen, whomsoever he has been? If not, alas, poor Rotanda! Her punishment, indeed, was very great.

This is the story of how Rotanda, the daughter of Bacchis, became the adopted daughter of Flora, and the queen of all the flowers. To this day the butterfly attends the Rose. Did this legend suggest the following poem to HEINRICH HEINE?

"DER SCHMETTERLING IST IN DIE ROSE  
VERLIEBT."

The butterfly in love with the Rose,  
Flutters about her on every side;  
But he, himself, with golden glows,  
Is loved by the sunbeams which o'er him glide.

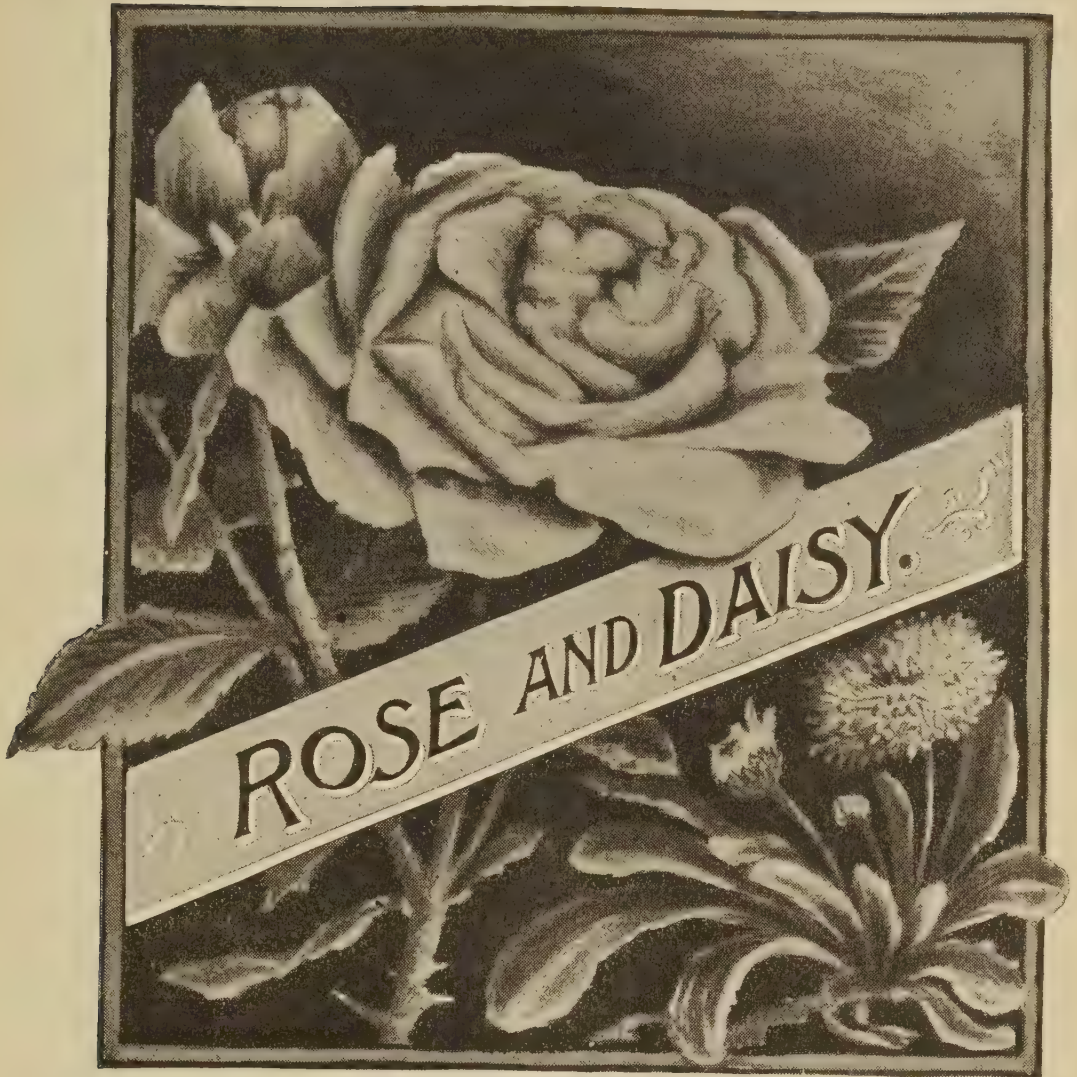
Is Rose in love?—and then, with whom?  
That I would gladly like to know;  
Is it the singing nightingale,  
Or yet yon star o'er which clouds blow?

I know not whom the Rose doth love,  
But know that I love all alike,  
Butterfly, Rose and sunbeam bright,  
And nightingale, and star of night.

*Cadiz, Ohio.*



## ROSE AND DAISY.



The Daisy lifted her eyes to the Rose  
    (The Daisy that grew so low)  
At the summer day's dim, shadowy close,  
    When the south began to blow,  
And the blush of the sky, at the parting kiss  
    Of the sun, was paling low ;

And she wondered why, as Daisies will,  
    God made the Rose so fair ;  
And drowsily nodding, wondered still  
    Till sleep o'ertook her there—  
A sleep so deep she knew it not  
    When the south wind touched her hair.

But the south wind's touch aroused a dream ;  
    In a heavenly garden plot,  
Beside a clear and winding stream  
    That fed the Forget-me-not,  
They two did seem ('twas but a dream  
    To grow and share one lot !

They two did grow as sisters dear,  
    And the Daisy's weary head,  
With never a thought of doubt or fear,  
    On the Rose's breast was laid—  
For the mother-heart stooped and drew it near—  
    The little, motherless head !

But the night wind passed and the Daisy woke ;  
    And queenly above her there  
The Rose smiled on. The morning broke,  
    And flushed the sapphire air,  
And she wondered still, as Daisies will,  
    Why Roses grow so fair.

## WHAT SHALL WE PLANT?

Besides Asters, Zinnias, Balsams and Antirrhinums, which are commonly raised, there are many other easily grown and charming varieties which the amateur rarely essays to cultivate, but which give individuality to the flower plot.

Salpiglossis may be mentioned among the varieties not commonly cultivated, though it is easily grown, and its remarkably rich coloring and wonderful markings should place it among the favorites.

The Gaillardias, or "Blanket Flowers," both the *G. picta* and the mixed, are brilliant bedding plants, of easy cultivation, and continue long in bloom.

Another showy, free-growing annual is the Malope, which looks very fine in the back of the garden where it will not obscure other flowers. A large bed of it planted to relieve a clump of evergreens was wonderfully effective, last summer, in a garden whose owner amused himself by planting the things other people usually passed by.

The Godetias, especially the Lady Albemarle and Satin Rose, are charming. The latter has flowers of a satiny surface, and a brilliant pink color. Then there is a rosy-carmine variety, and one with satin-like white flowers, as well as the spotted or Bijou sorts, and all are grown with very little care.

Collinsia is also a dainty, free-flowering annual, the blossoms growing in whorls around the stalks and making an attractive bed.

There is a modest little blossom that may be planted anywhere; the least bit of ground is a *coigne de vantage* to it, and it will look up brightly and gratefully under the most adverse circumstances, it is the Brachycome, or Swan River Daisy, and I always regard it as the feather-stitching, which should be put above the hem of many flower beds.

A very useful annual is the Adonis, both the summer and autumn-flowering variety, especially the latter, for when there are few flowers in blossom a bunch of this, with its blood-red blooms set in a mass of feathery green foliage, is a bouquet in itself, and lends its aid to table decoration with exceeding grace.

Both the lavender colored and the white Ageratums are indispensable for cut flowers, lavender making a showy bed, and

both sown under glass germinate easily and transplant well.

It is a question, which variety of Dahlia considers herself most fashionable—the much befrilled and beruffled one, or the more æsthetic flower with the scant drapery? It is a curious thing, this taking off and putting on petals to suit the whim of the moment; one year a flower must be as double as a full rosette, the next—perfectly single, and there is really a great deal of beauty in the single sorts which have been brought to a remarkable degree of perfection in color and shape, the range of color being especially wide, many shades of red, shades of lavender to purple, yellow, white, and variegated. That they grow so readily from seed is a great recommendation; sown early under glass, they begin to flower the last of July and continue until cut off by frost. As flowers for decorative purposes they are particularly useful and showy.

A plant from Texas, which bids fair to be one of our most popular late-flowering annuals, is the *Cosmos hybridus*. It is of rapid growth, making a bush fully five feet high; the foliage is fine and the blossoms, resembling single Dahlias, are white, flesh color, light pink, and rose, with yellow centers. The special recommendation of the *Cosmos* is the fact that it blooms after frosts.

Another plant not commonly cultivated, is of Texas origin, the *Gaura*, with long, graceful spikes of rosy white.

Among the annuals deserving a wider recognition and cultivation is the *Schizanthus*, which is one of our most charming flowers, yet it is seldom seen in amateur gardens. It is impossible to describe the beauty of its orchid-like markings, or the delicacy of its coloring, which more than that of any other blossom brings to mind COWPER'S lines:

"Not a flower

But shows some touch in freckle, streak or stain,  
Of His unrivalled pencil."

And there might well enough be a myth connected with it—some beautiful nymph was, perhaps, metamorphosed into the butterfly-like flower. It is better to sow seed in the hot-bed and transplant, giving plenty of room so that the foliage, which is particularly fine and attractive, may not become matted. A loose bunch of



*Schizanthus*, with its own green, forms a charming bouquet.

The white Evening Primrose, *Oenothera acaulis alba*, is another rarely cultivated flower, but one which should be in every garden, its delicious perfume and sudden unfolding in the twilight combining to make it an object of delight and mystery. It should be sown under glass and transplanted two feet apart, and will seem, with its low-lying, green leaves and pure blossoms, like an emerald rug covered with white stars.

*Gypsophila*, of the variety *paniculata*, known in the vernacular as mist, spray and "baby's breath," is indispensable to the bouquet maker, and is a hardy perennial, blooming the first year from seed. It can also be cut and dried for winter use, and will retain much of its beauty and give a lightness to the bouquets of dried grasses which nothing else will give.

There are many novelties offered this year, but, unfortunately, imported novelties are often unsatisfactory. Last season, after paying a fancy price for German Ten-Weeks Stock seed, I only had four double plants out of twenty which were to have been all double and as large as a quarter of a dollar. Seed grown by a home florist gave far better satisfaction, larger blooms and a greater number of double ones. Again, *Chrysanthemum* seed, purporting to be finest mixed Japanese, Chinese, and other sorts, produced only ugly single yellow flowers.

There are some very pretty pictures representing a veranda covered with a

vine of the Moon Flower, which has attained a luxuriant growth, and has a profusion of flowers. Perhaps the artist's dream will be realized, but undoubtedly plants will have to be purchased in order to bring about such results. Last year, entranced with the descriptions of the new *Ipomœa*, or new to us, I purchased seed, cultivated it with all possible care, and succeeded in growing a vine twenty-five feet in length, but not one flower, although I had reckoned without my host, and invited many guests to the wonderful moonlight display I expected to have. "How about that Moon Flower?" I was often asked. The frosts held off until the first week in October, yet none of those wonderful blossoms, four inches in diameter. Very likely the climate of Central New York is not suited to raising the plant from seed, and the purchase of the roots is necessary to bring about the pictured result.

One of the most admired and cheerful beds in my garden, last season, was filled with *Convolvulus minor* in mixed colors. As it goes on opening its pretty blooms, like so many smiling faces, long after most flowers are past, it is a desirable acquisition to the amateur's stock in trade, and is especially suited for planting between two tall-growing varieties, *Scabiosas* or *Coreopsis*, for instance.

Finally, giving plenty of room and attention to old favorites, do give the garden guests the opportunity of saying, now and then, "What is this."

ADA MARIE PECK.

## A FLOWER GARDEN IN THE WOODS.

"A flower garden in the woods," exclaims the reader, "how can that be?" The explanation is simple enough. Three years ago last summer, catarrh and dyspepsia were steadily undermining my constitution. The doctors advised me to try the woods—that was my one chance for life. I took that one chance; bid good-bye to the city of Boston, and sailed down the coast to Cape Ann. I landed at Gloucester, and went into tent life on the western, wooded hills, overlooking the city. My health improved rapidly, and in the fall I built a log cabin, and from being a "summer visitor" at once became a "hermit." My log cabin

is located two miles from the city, one mile in the woods, on an old road that was once the only highway to Salem and Boston, but deserted for over one hundred years. The cabin stands in a sunny spot at the foot of a hill, sheltered on all sides by Pine and Oak trees. A little brook crosses the road, so near by that, while writing this article, I can hear the murmur of its waters as they go tumbling and singing down to the ocean. I have established friendly relations with the wild birds, and as this is a favorite locality for nesting, all the spring and summer mornings are haunted by bird melody. I have re-

gained my health, thanks to pure water, plain food and the resinous breath of the Pines. Yet I am told that I must always be an "outer." Well, I am content. Although I live in the woods, I do not lose sight of what is going on in the world, for I read the daily journals.

I commenced my garden two years ago this spring, by cutting down the trees, digging out the stumps and rocks, and enclosing the space with a lath fence to keep out the dogs. The first year the greater part of this garden spot was devoted to vegetables, the remainder to flowers, the seeds of which were purchased of JAMES VICK. The ground was new, and as I enriched it with stable manure, the flower plants made a wonderful growth.

About this time, my humble home proved to be an object of curiosity. People flocked from the city to the woods at the rate of three hundred or more a week, to gaze on a rough log cabin. My flower garden attracted attention, and visitors desired to purchase the flowers. This led me to believe that a part of the expense of my forced exile could be paid through the sale of cut flowers, so, the next winter, I purchased of JAMES VICK, one hundred varieties of flower seeds. I had remarkable luck—no, success, in growing these seeds. Did I start them in boxes in the house? Oh, no, way back in the dim past I had tried that sort of planting only to see my seeds come up long-legged, linger in a sickly way a few days, tumble over and die. Did I plant in the open ground? No, again, for once when I did this I strained my eye-sight trying to distinguish plant from weed, and crooked my back weeding, till my natural position seemed to be on all-fours. No, I planted in April, in a seed-bed, as follows: I nailed together a plank frame, six by ten feet, after the hot-bed pattern. I trod into this frame ten inches of horse manure, and placed on top four inches of rich, fine soil. I divided the bed in halves lengthwise, by pressing a thin, narrow board into the soil, so that each half was three by ten feet, thus the sowing could be done from the sides. I planted the seeds in drills two inches apart, and sifted on fine dirt as a covering. I did not spare the seed, for by experience I had learned that a liberal sowing would come up stronger

and better than a thin, straggling one. After planting, I watered the bed with luke-warm water and covered it with an old dory sail (cotton). Before planting, I let the bed stand several days until the heat from the manure had abated. On cold days and nights I covered the bed with board shutters. After the seeds were up I supplied air and water as needed, and when danger from frost was over, May 25th in this locality, I transplanted to the open ground. When transplanting, I soaked the seed-bed thoroughly, so that the plants were quite muddy. I made a hole for each plant and filled it with water, and then set the plants deep and pressed the dirt around the roots. If the water soaked to the surface, I drew on dry dirt to keep the ground from baking. I did my transplanting late in the afternoon, and in setting over two thousand plants did not lose one. I had no trouble in transplanting Lupins, Poppies, etc. Of the one hundred varieties planted in the seed-bed not one failed to come up, which I consider remarkable, and it speaks well for the vitality of the seed.

After transplanting I spread on the beds about one inch of strawy horse manure. This mulching keeps the ground moist and saves a vast amount of watering, but to be of benefit must be put on in the spring when plants are set out. My plants made a wonderful growth and furnished abundance of bloom throughout the season. I have had some experience in growing flowers, but never saw such thrifty plants before.

My garden is not a fancy one. I have no lawn, only continuous beds for flowers, the only grass being borders around some of the beds. In addition to my garden, there is a wealth of wild flowers all around me. Five minutes' walk will take one into the famous "Magnolia Swamp," said to be the only spot in New England where the fragrant Magnolias grow and bloom in a wild state. In early spring we have the Trailing Arbutus, Lady's Slipper, Wild Columbine, Wind Flower, and a long catalogue of others. The woods abound in flowering trees and shrubs. The Willows and Red Maples lead off, followed by the June Berry, tree and shrub, and later by the Mountain Laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), Viburnums, Dogwoods, and the fragrant Meadow Sweet.

HERMIT.



## JUNE ROSES.

O, sing of the Roses,  
The beautiful Roses,  
Adorning the warm, pulsing bosom of June.  
Exult in their sweetness,  
Extol their completeness,  
And only lament they must perish so soon.

O, sing of the Roses,  
The snowy, white Roses,  
The pink, and the Roses with hue of a star,  
The deep-hued, the tinted—  
Give praises unstinted—  
O, sing of all Roses, anear and afar!

They climb on rock-ledges,  
They glow amid hedges,  
And choicely are cultured within garden wall;  
Or lofty or lowly,  
Or sinful or holy,  
Their fragrance and beauty are free to us all.

O, stately the Dahlia,  
And fair the Azalea,  
And countless the blossoms they cheer us to view;  
But what, like the Roses,  
Such beauty discloses,  
Such wonderful beauty of form and of hue?

Then sing of the Roses,  
The beautiful Roses,  
Or scentless, or filling the air with perfume,  
They lessen our sadness,  
They bring to us gladness,  
These Roses that gem the fond bosom of June.

MRS. ANNA CLARK ADAMS.



## FOREIGN NOTES.

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### WINDOW GARDENING.

There are probably no small gardens that afford the same amount of pleasure as the several sorts of window gardens, from the single pot with its one Pelargonium, or the Hyacinth in a blacking-bottle—for we have seen such things in courts and alleys—or the plain deal box full of hardy plants, to the most costly Fern case and window greenhouse. A garden of some sort or other, from one pot upwards, as observed just now, has found a site in every street in our great metropolis, not excepting those in the humblest quarters.

In fact window gardening has made great advances in recent years, and flower shows for the exhibition of plants grown in such gardens have been greatly encouraged in all parts of the country. One of the best known of exhibitions of this kind was that held annually in the College Garden at Westminster, where its founder, the late Dean STANLEY, or the late philanthropic Lord SHAFTSBURY, or some other friend of the poor, used to distribute the numerous prizes. But there are other shows in London which owe their annual display solely to an assemblage of plants which are grown by humble folk in gardens frequently not exceeding two feet wide, and which are situated, in many cases, several stories above the ground. Another fact connected with window gardens is that their great extension in recent years has multiplied the number of readers of garden literature a hundred-fold, so that a class of papers which were at one time only read in the country are now largely in demand in towns as well.

The kind of house decoration we desire to recommend has, in fact, become universal, not only in England, but throughout Europe and the United States. The windows of Paris present, probably, such a show of foliage plants and flowers as no other city can exhibit; chosen and arranged, too, with such good taste as no other nation but the French possess.

H. E. in *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

### A NEW WINTER PEAR.

A colored plate and a description of a new variety of Pear was published in a late number of *Revue Horticole*. As it is apparently a very promising sort, and has not previously been made known, a general description of it will be of interest to some of our readers. It bears the name of Belle Picarde. The original tree has now been observed a half score of years. The tree is vigorous and a good bearer. The fruit is large, and even very large; it recalls a little that of Colmar d'Aremberg, but is longer, attains a circumference of thirteen inches, a height of nearly five inches, a little one-sided or somewhat fuller on one side than the other. Skin shining, the foundation color being a very beautiful golden yellow, with a vermilion cheek more or less intense. Flesh white, juicy, very sweet and with an agreeable flavor. Ripens from December to the following May or June. The large, handsome, showy fruit, with its long-keeping quality, will probably bring this variety into demand.

### EARLY SWEET PEAS.

All growers are partial to plants that that will grow well without much attention, remain quite free from insects, and give an abundance of showy or fragrant flowers, and as possessing the above characters the Sweet Pea is of especial value. As a rule it is grown out of doors. The seed is sown in the open in April or May, the flowers are produced in June or July amongst hosts of others, when they are not half so much valued as they would be in May or earlier. Attractive sweet-smelling flowers are not numerous in that month, and if Sweet Peas were grown to blossom from May onwards they would be most valuable. As a rule we have them in bloom in April and always in May. Our plants are now (April 1st) one foot high, but seed sown now would have flowers before May was over and long before those out of doors expanded. We place from twelve to eighteen seeds in some good soil in three-inch pots. They are placed in a



heated pit, and the plants grow as soon and freely as the culinary Peas. When about three inches high they are given more air, and as soon as the pots are filled with roots they are transferred into eight-inch pots, and it is in these they are flowered. They succeed best in rich soil, well drained, and as soon as they are growing freely they are placed in a position where they are well exposed to the light and air. This may be in a pit or greenhouse, or if the weather is genial in April in a cool frame. When the growths become so long as to be inclined to fall over they should be supported by a few tall twigs, and supplied with plenty of water at the roots. Insects will never trouble them, and as soon as they gain a height of eighteen inches they will begin to show flower, and then the best position is the greenhouse or conservatory, as the soft green of the foliage, the bright hues of the flowers, and their delicious fragrance gain them general favor. If the flowers are allowed to form seed the supply will soon cease, but if they are cut before they wither a long succession will be produced.

A KITCHEN GARDENER, in *Journal of Horticulture*.

#### FREESIAS.

I am glad to see the culture of these lovely plants brought to the front, as they form a valuable addition to our stock of choice winter flowers. Here Freesias have been grown more or less for five or six years with varied results; but this season they are very fine, some of the spikes being nearly two feet high, and with three or four branches, and this season I have quite changed the method of culture, with the result above stated. The bulbs are kept very moist, and in a temperature from 50° by night, and 60° to 70° by day, the place chosen for them being a shelf close to the glass. I believe it reduces the strength of the bulbs to dry them off. I had a strange experience with part of my stock during one season. The earlier plants were watered as long as the foliage remained green, were kept in the same pots on a dry shelf, and left there till wanted for potting in August. They were then shaken out, repotted, and treated as in the previous season, but not a bulb of this batch could be induced to start; they remained

in this state till the following, that is, last August, when they were again shaken out with the others that had bloomed, and were repotted, as this winter we wanted more white flowers. The whole stock were started at one time, all pushed at one time, and bloomed altogether, and no difference could be detected in any of them, all being good. Our stock commenced blooming at Christmas, and will last two or three weeks longer. Now for the lesson taught by the partial failure. I take it that the bulbs were kept too hot and dry for too long a period, and became too much dried. After the repotting we were sparing with water, as is usual with newly potted bulbs. I may inquire here, Why water bulbs sparingly when in pots? If you plant a bulb in the open border it has to take its chance as to rain or snow, and most bulbs come stronger that those in pots. We have never watered our Freesias so liberally before from the potting time onward as was done this season, they having had more than double the quantity of water, and they are now twice as strong as formerly. I intend keeping them watered the whole of the season, and let them make their own push. When our plants began showing the spikes for bloom I said to my foreman, "Give them some farmyard manure water;" and before they had been on high living for a fortnight there was a marked difference in their appearance. When in a large London nursery recently, and talking to one of the principals about these he said, "Why rest them by drying?"—remarking that they were grown to a very large size in a private garden (he naming the place), and the gardener in charge of this garden never allowed them to dry off.

PRO., in *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

#### MILES OF ROSE PLANTATIONS.

According to the London *Daily Telegraph*, the railroad companies in Lower Hungary are successfully making use of the Provence Rose for hedges by the sides of the railways to protect the tracks from drifting snow.

The writer, in imagination, pictures the scene of a "summer's journey gladdened by the glory of Roses, shining to the right and left of a swiftly gliding steam chariot, while the surrounding atmosphere is fraught with faintly subtle scents

which superinduce a soft langour in the fortunate traveler." Such sights, he thinks are rare to railroad travelers, though "they may be found in the plains of Persia, where 'Roses are bright by the calm Bendemeer,' and in the lowlands adjoining the southern and eastern slopes of the rugged Balkan range.

"Between Tatar Bazar and Adrianople the horseman following the post-road on a sultry June day rides mile after mile through enormous Rose plantations blazing with scarlet and crimson, and giving out odors well nigh as over-powering as that of the attar distilled from their gorgeous blossoms. In those fields of queen flowers he may gaze his fill on 'the Damask Rose, whose rare mixture doth disclose beauties pencils cannot feign.' The uncounted millions of Roses grown in Roumelia are not merely turned to account by the Rose farmers for sale to the preparers of that powerful essence which, enclosed in long, slender, carefully stoppered bottles lettered with gold, is still so popular throughout the East, although it has quite gone out of fashion in this country. Many tons' weight of their leaves, gathered and packed whilst they are freshly fallen, are converted into Rose jam, one of the exquisite conserves which, under the generic name of 'dulchatz,' are so admirably confected in Turkey, Greece and Roumania, and constitute a leading feature in the light but toothsome refectation offered to the casual visitor in every well-to-do Oriental household. Rose jam, considered as a sweetmeat, is far superior in flavor and savor to Rahat Lakoum, and to the somewhat cloying preparations of angelica for which Stamboul confectioners are justly famous. It is by no means sickly, or even insipid, as those delicacies unquestionably are, but is characterized by an after-taste no less brisk and refreshing than that of the Black Cherry 'dulchatz,' paragon of all Turkish sweets."

#### DARWIN'S GARDEN.

The following description of the great naturalist's garden, by A. D. WEBSTER, in a late number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, will interest many readers:

The grounds at Down House, the residence of the late CHARLES DARWIN, have not only been laid out with taste and care, but planted with a rich assortment of rare trees and shrubs, a few notes on which latter we jotted down the other day when on a long-wished-for visit to that remarkable place—remarkable as having for many years been the home of that once much-maligned but greatest of modern naturalists—and which may be opportune, particularly at a time when that great name has again been brought prominently forward by the publication of his life and letters.

Some of the finest and largest of our forest trees, particularly the Oak and Beech, are growing alongside the "sand walk"—a favorite resort of DARWIN'S, and near the shrubbery, which is a small wood, composed principally of Oak, Elm, Beech, Birch and Ash, with an undergrowth of Privet.

Opposite the stile which conducts one from the little park to the walk above mentioned, and with its buttressed roots extending for a considerable length, is growing an old and gnarled Oak, whose stem at a yard from the ground girths fully sixteen feet, the well branched head having a spread of thirty-nine

feet in diameter. Not far from this giant specimen, and growing on the same side of the path, is one of the Beech whose lofty head and noble proportions indicate great age, combined with a most suitable soil and situation for its perfect development. At a yard from the ground the deeply furrowed stem girths fourteen feet seven inches, and the far-reaching branches cover a ground space of no less than eighty-four feet in diameter. The total height of this fine tree is nearly eighty feet, and, judging from the well-rounded and twiggy head, as likewise sound and glossy trunk, it is in perfect health, and will yet, should no accident befall, attain to much larger dimensions than those here recorded. A twin-stemmed Ash, of great size and natural beauty, ornaments the path nigh where it enters the woodland, while goodly-sized specimens of many other trees are freely scattered about. The shrubbery, with its well kept green walk, Holly hedge, and Ivy clad summer seat, is such a place as anyone might well be forgiven did they covet, and must have been such a secluded spot as was well suited to the taste of its illustrious owner.

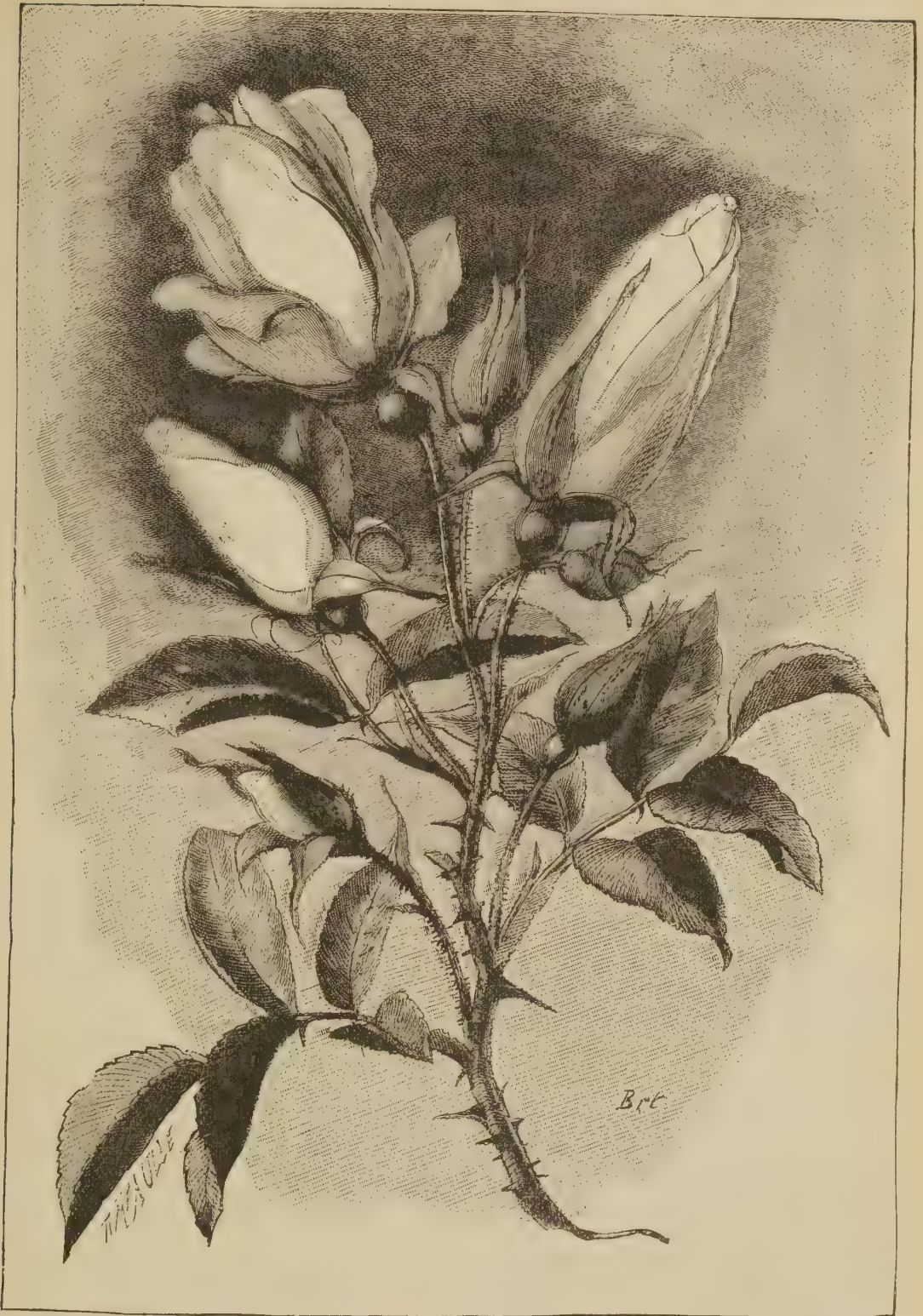
The writer describes in detail a number of the most noticeable trees, among which are specimens of the Scotch Fir, also one of *Sequoia gigantea*, the California Redwood, with a spread of branches of fully twenty feet. A Lambert's Cypress is thirty-eight feet in height, a Japan Cedar (*Cryptomeria Japonica*) forty feet in height, and a Lawson's Cypress forty-two feet high, an evergreen Oak fifty-six feet in height, three large Yews form a "group of imposing grandeur."

Of shrubs worthy of note, by far the most remarkable are two plants of the Wig Tree, Venetian Sumach (*Rhus cotinus*), and which, even during the dull January days, were full of interest, and highly conspicuous from the feathery inflorescence with which nearly every shoot was well provided. Although the flowers of this rarely seen shrub are small, and, may be, inconspicuous, yet the transformation of pedicels and hairs into white feathery awns, not unlike that of the Old Man's Beard (*Clematis vitalba*), imparts a most distinct and peculiar appearance to the inflorescence, and renders the plant one of great interest during the autumn and winter months.

Darwin's Barberry (*Berberis Darwinii*) is here represented by at least one noble specimen, it being ten feet in height, and with branches extending to fully nine feet in diameter. The thick gnarled stems of this plant indicate great age, and a luxuriance of growth that we have rarely seen excelled. Proud must its owner have been of so fine a specimen of his Barberry; indeed, it is not hard to fancy how pretty a sight would be revealed by so magnificent a plant when in full bloom. *Hydrangea hortensis* looked happy and flourishing in this Kentish garden, quite as much so as we have ever noticed even when fanned by the warm and gentle breezes of the Menai Straits. Many other shrubs were noticed, all in the most luxuriant health, while a line of far-spreading Limes afforded just the protection necessary for the numerous specimens of our native Ferns, amongst which we could not help noticing several fine examples of that most distinct and pretty evergreen species—*Polystichum angulare*.



HYBRID ROSE MADAME GEORGES BRUANT.



Another branch of the great Rose family has been started by the production of the variety here figured. A flower of *R. rugosa* fertilized by the pollen of *Sombreuil* produced seed from which was obtained the plant under consideration, by M. BRUANT, of Poitiers, France. The plant is said to inherit the hardy constitution of the mother plant, and having foliage much like that of *R. rugosa*, while in flower it resembles a Tea; the flower is white, semi-double and fragrant, and is particularly handsome in the bud.

## PLEASANT GOSSIP.

### THE SMOOTH LUNGWORT.

Please herewith find specimen of wild flower that grows here in the timber. It is perfectly hardy, and makes its appearance soon after the frost is out of the ground. I think the plants bloom the second year from seed, and have a root similar to the Sweet Potato. The plants grow eight or ten inches high, bearing handsome blue flowers, and make a fine border or bed. They are free bloomers; we planted some in the garden, last year, with good success. Please give us a name in your next MAGAZINE.

S. P. B., *Prairieburg, Iowa.*

The specimen received in the letter is the Smooth Lungwort, *Mertensia Virginica*.



MERTENSIA VIRGINICA.

ica, a hardy herbaceous perennial plant that blooms profusely in spring. It is a native of many of the Northern and Western States, and is well worthy of cultivation.

### CROWN IMPERIAL, POLYANTHUS.

Can you please tell me why my Crown Imperial and white Polyanthus do not bloom? I have had them for years, but no flower. The Polyanthus comes up nicely and forms a bud, then blasts without coming to perfection, year after year. The Crown Imperial bloomed the first year, but since that has come up spindling, with never a sign of a bud, but it increases in roots. I am a lover of all flowers, and feel disappointed when they do not bloom right. I always anxiously await your ever welcome MAGAZINE; would not like to be without it.

E. R. S., *Broad Axe, Pa.*

About midsummer it will be best to take up the Crown Imperial and the Polyanthus, and separate the bulbs, and plant them out again singly in some rich

soil. This will have a tendency to induce stronger growth, and probably may bring them again into blooming.

### MEYENIA ERECTA.

Please let me know something of the shrub *Meyenia erecta*. Would it be hardy in this climate? It certainly is a very beautiful shrub from the description of the party from whom I have purchased a plant, which is as follows: "A beautiful and robust growing shrub that blooms through the early spring and summer months with a profusion of large Gloxinia-shaped flowers, of a dark purple, shaded to porcelain blue, with a golden throat. The plant being of a hardy nature can be kept from year to year." I am very fond of hardy shrubs, and have about all I have ever heard of.

I think we have had the most disagreeable March I ever felt. Roses and hardy shrubs are perfectly green, and Hyacinths and early bulbs through blooming; still the thermometer has stood a good deal of the time just above the freezing point, and we have had cold, disagreeable winds.

MRS. J. W. B., *Baldwyn, Miss.*

*Meyenia erecta* is a warm greenhouse or hot-house shrubby plant. It will probably do well at the south in summer, if while remaining in the pot it is plunged in the open border. It can then be removed in the fall to the house without disturbing it. It cannot be treated as a hardy plant. It is a native of the tropics, having been introduced into cultivation from Guinea.

### REPAIRING A LAWN.

Can a lawn be repaired by sowing in grass seed?  
H. M.

Bare spots in lawns can often be grassed over by sowing seed on them, and sometimes, when the seeding has been too thin on new lawns, a re-seeding will produce the desired result.

### WHITE CLOVER.

Only a little, modest flower,  
But the bee, that busy rover,  
Gathers many a store of sweets  
From the modest, wee White Clover.

And so, in the quiet walks of life,  
Sometimes a song is given,  
Only a strain that our ears have caught  
Of the melodies sung in heaven.

MAUDE MEREDITH.



## GROUPING SHRUBS.

I see by the April number that my article of the month before has attracted attention and brought criticism, but it seems to me that the would-be critic could not have studied the second plan illustrating the article in question, or he would have seen that the plan he proposes, of having dark evergreens as a background for a Cut-leaved Birch, is practicable in the planting as indicated. As my article had to be kept within reasonable limits, some details were necessarily omitted, and among others the arrangement of the three trees at the end of the lot. As in former articles, published in other journals, I have advocated the planting of the White Birch in the neighborhood of dark evergreens, it will not be considered an after-thought if I say that I contemplated having the eastern tree of the group a Birch, while the one nearest the street is the Liquidamber, and the southernmost one the Weir Maple.

With this arrangement the Birch will be in view from the front of the house, from the junction of the footpath down the driveway until shut off by the Horse Chestnuts. From these points of view, and also when seen from the west, between the other two trees, the Birch will have a background of evergreens, exactly as Mr. MILTON suggests that it ought to have. The reader can verify this by studying the plan in connection with the description.

In regard to the other point made by Mr. M., that the Birch should be used in places of considerable extent, I would call his attention to the fact that the group is from eleven to fourteen rods from the principal point of view, and if the laws of good taste demand a larger arena for the display of the tree, then its use is shut out from most country door-yards, few of which are as large as the one depicted.

FRANK J. SCOTT gives the height of the Cut-leaved Birch, at twelve years from planting, as thirty feet, and that of the Weir Maple as sixteen feet. The Birch is most beautiful in its upper branches, so the planting of a slow growing and much shorter tree in front does it no injury. The leaves are somewhat similar in form and harmonize well enough, while the Liquidamber not only harmonizes with

the Weir Maple but connects the group with the Maples just outside the fence.

As the editor states, I do not object to honorable criticism, but it seems to me that a critic should so study the matter criticized as to be certain that his points are well taken.

I am glad the topic is opened in VICK'S MAGAZINE, for I believe this exquisitely tasteful little journal circulates largely in families who would gladly avail themselves of the hints in dooryard gardening if such hints from competent writers were printed. The offer of a twenty-five dollar prize gives an inducement that ought to bring out some valuable plans, and may result in the development of some new aspirants for fame in this the highest branch of horticulture. It affords an excellent chance for men, like Mr. MILTON, who appear to have large reserved knowledge upon the subject to turn that knowledge into cash, and thus benefit themselves while they benefit the community. It may bring out something from the anonymous correspondent of the *American Garden*, who, at present, seems to lack confidence in his own productions to that degree that he signs his name with four unmeaning dots. At present the heads of four nursery firms, largely engaged in growing ornamental trees, and a Michigan writer, seem to have nearly a monopoly of landscape gardening writing, so there is little danger of the subject being overdone.

In my former article, I intimated that I might have something more to say on grouping shrubbery, and perhaps the editor will give me sufficient space to touch upon it now.

The simplest group that can be made is of three shrubs, and there are many situations where they can be planted and only occupy the room of one. For example, a double *Deutzia crenata*, and a *D. scabra*, both of which grow narrow and slender, can be planted in the corner of the dooryard where two fences join. Then, on a circle, four feet distant, plant a *Rose Weigela* and a *Pyrus Japonica*, each eighteen inches from either fence. If the angle is a right angle the group will be a little cramped, but the sprays of foliage and flowers will straggle through the fences and look nicely after all. This group can be enlarged by the addition of another circle three feet from the last.

Half way from either fence plant a *Spiræa trilobata*, and on one side of this plant a dwarf Snowball, and on the other plant a variegated Weigela, with a *Calycanthus* next to one fence and a *Deutzia gracilis* next to the other. On another circle, thirty inches from the last we may plant a row of Chinese *Pæonies* in variety, and finish the group with a circle of *Yucca* plants, eighteen inches from the *Pæonies*. The last will form a pretty flag-like border sixteen inches high, except during June, when the showy flower stems run up to blossom. The group can be brought still closer to the lawn by planting an outer border of the dwarf purple *Iris*, which also has a flag-like foliage, but only six inches high. This would use another foot of room. Where paths diverge three or more shrubs can be planted in the angle.

Herbaceous plants can be substituted for shrubs, if desired, and a pretty bed of Flags can be had by planting a flat-iron shaped mass of dwarf *Iris* where the paths part, then a strip of *Yucca*, and beyond this a mass of the tall *Iris* or *Fleur de Lis*; such a bed would give purple bloom in May, white in June and yellow and blue in July.

Where but three shrubs can be planted, and it is desirable to have them away from the fence, for any reason, it is generally better to group them than to plant singly, and their general resemblance in character is not as important as might seem necessary without experiment. For many years a very striking trio of shrubs has attracted attention in a village near where I live. It consists of a *Spiræa prunifolia*, a *Pyrus Japonica* and a sweet-scented *Syringa*. They are planted in a triangle, about six feet apart, and have grown into an intermingling and picturesque group that is extremely beautiful.

Groups of shrubbery can be planted next to the side fences in a regular form, or with irregular outline, and in such positions neither obstruct the scythe or mower, or break up and belittle the lawn.

Groups of the taller shrubs effectually conceal disagreeable views, and a single variety massed often makes one of the most striking objects obtainable by planting.

L. B. PIERCE, *Summit Co. Ohio.*

## OLD PLANTS OF CARNATION.

It has been generally conceded that old plants of this garden favorite are worthless, and, laboring under this mistake, thousands are consigned to the dust heap after cuttings have been removed. So, never having seen one plan for their preservation in print, the columns of this popular little MAGAZINE will be the proper place for it.

Old plants which, during the summer, have attained fair size, may be carefully lifted from the ground in the fall, placed in a box of earth and set in the cellar. Spring finds the leaves in full vigor, and the roots ready for another year's work. Once more they are planted out, the parent stock settled lower into the ground than last year, and the long runners are carried under ground without separation from the plant, leaving about three inches of each above ground. A few weeks will show a reward for your toils. Each plant and runner becomes a new plant, and seems to vie with the others in producing flowers.

HARRY LONGFELLOW.

## A ROSE.

When I was a wee bit of a girl and loved flowers with all my little heart, I had a kind neighbor near my dear New England home, who possessed a wonderful Rose bush. It was a June Rose, of a pure creamy white and the most delicious fragrance. The flowers were very large and double. The bush was quite tall, and it spread from the roots rapidly. Can any one tell me what was the name of the Rose? I thought it might be the Madame Plantier, but that has a small blossom, although the fragrance is the same. The rose-bugs were very fond of it.

I would not change my California home for the whole of New England, but still I sometimes wonder if the Good Father will not allow me to go there some day after I am dead, and see those beautiful wild flowers again. Although so many years ago, I remember where the Honeysuckle grew, and the white and the blue and the yellow Violets, and the Queen of the Meadow, and the white and blue Flag, and the Lady's Slipper. One autumn day, I found, by a running stream, the brilliant red Cardinal Flower. There was also a lovely shrub I never saw advertised, which is worthy a place in the



finest garden. It bore clusters of pink and white blossoms of the most delicious fragrance, a little sticky, and, if I remember aright, somewhat resembling the Azalea, but smaller. \*Cannot the editor tell me its name?

And then there were the wild Huckleberries, Raspberries and Strawberries, and Barberries, and Blackberries, and best of all, the Checkerberries, most of which I never saw elsewhere.

A. W., *Placer Co., Cal.*

\* Probably *Azalea viscosa*.—ED.

#### A GARDEN EXPERIENCE.

I must tell you a little about my luck with the seeds. Do you remember, years ago, in one of the GUIDES, a picture of a man with a rake over his shoulder and a pipe in his mouth, walking right through the middle of his wife's flower beds? Well, that is my husband, exactly. So, you know, of course, I had to wait until the garden was plowed, in order to get one spot safe from the pigs, and the garden had to wait for the Barley to be sown, so it was very late. I almost began to despair, but at last the time came, and by great coaxing I got a bed spaded, and then I worked making it, for the ground is a clay loam, just as mellow and fine as dust, with those little bits of garden tools bought of your father so long ago. I stole some Bowker's Phosphate from sacks in the barn, some fine, well rotted manure, a few pails of ashes and worked them well in. Then, over all, I spread sandy loam two or three inches in depth, and it was all ready for my seeds, which I sowed, and sifted over them the fine, sandy, yellow loam. Was ever anybody in the world so tired as I that night?

The next day the sun poured down his fiercest rays, and in the afternoon came the hardest down-pour of rain I ever saw. It must have been a cloud-burst, for in one minute everything was a lake. When it had subsided I ran to the garden. The fine sand was in furrows, and I could see the little seeds in the water, and I thought GOD was against me, and I felt so bitter and hard, for I said, "why should such a love of the beautiful be implanted in my heart if it could never be gratified?" But I covered the bed with old matting and sacking, and I watered it at night, and, lo, one morning when I went out, there

were the Nasturtiums and the Balsams up, like Mushrooms, in a night, So I persevered, and was amply rewarded. Everything came up but the Lavender, and grew. You never saw anything to beat it in your life. Every vase and every pretty dish in the house was filled with flowers until long after hard frosts came. Day by day they grew more and more beautiful, the Pansies bigger and more varied, the Zinnias more double, the Mignonette sweeter, and the Asters and the Chinese Pinks all the colors of the rainbow. And the Nasturtiums—I had a mind to send you one of the leaves. Many people would never believe they could grow to such a size outside the tropics.

I had a bed of Geraniums the same length, that I had wintered in the house, and I had prepared the ground in the same way, and they grew into trees. I used to take out two market baskets, holding a half bushel each, and come in with them overflowing with flowers, and still they were not missed.

O, it has been such a delightful memory during these cold winter months.

But late in the fall, my husband plowed the garden, and I did not know it at the time, and when I said, "You didn't plow up my Pansies, did you?"

"I didn't see any Pansies; something or other in blossom out there, of course, I plowed up everything."

Well, I had not been able to work out of doors for many years, and I am afraid I shall have no such lavish loveliness bestowed on me again; but I revelled in that. I can never forget it, and I wished many, many times that you could have seen it.

When the hard frosts came, I pulled up some of the Asters and Marigolds by the roots and put them in water, and they kept bright until Christmas.

E. E. A., *Orleans, N. Y.*

#### JACQUEMINOT.

Who is there, now, knows aught of 'his story?

What is left of him but a name?

Of him who shared in NAPOLEON'S glory,

And dreamed that his sword had won him his fame!

Ah! the fate of a man is past discerning!

Little did JACQUEMINOT suppose,

At Austerlitz, or Moscow's burning,

That his fame would rest in the heart of a Rose!

BESSIE CHANDLER, in *American Magazine*.

## CARNATION GROWING.

The special culture of the Carnation is made by Mr. WILLIAM SWAYNE, of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. He has, this spring, distributed to the trade several new varieties of merit. Two white ones are particularly worthy of attention on account of their many valuable qualities. One of these, called William Swayne, is thus described by the originator, and as far as judgment may be formed from specimens received, the past winter, we think the description is correct :

"It is a cross between Peter Henderson and Snowdon, and is just what is needed, a strong free grower ; early continuous bloomer, flowers very large and full ; heavy texture, which renders it very valuable for long shipping purposes. Very fragrant, and grows a large proportion on long stems. The habit of plant is stronger than Henderson, which it resembles and it is quite as free as Snowdon at its best."



The other white one is called L. L. Lamborn, and the description of it from the same source, is as follows :

"Parentage same as above, only reversed, Snowdon being the seed bearing plant. A dwarf, compact grower, flowers pure waxy white, grown on long stems ; very large, unsurpassed by any in profusion of bloom ; can be grown on low benches, more profitable than Snowdon."

Besides the above, Mr. SWAYNE also sends out The Century, a rich, glowing carmine ; Robert Craig, a new dark red, very free, rather dwarf habit ; Pride of Kennett, a fine, dark, rich crimson, habit very strong, early and free bloomer ; E. G. Gill, bright scarlet : Grace Fardon, a rich pink ; Sunrise, a fancy sort, orange flaked with crimson, strong habit and free bloomer. His list also embraces several other new and desirable varieties.

The illustration herewith presented has been prepared from a photograph of one of Mr. SWAYNE'S houses, taken last winter when the plants were in full bloom.



## FLORAL GOSSIP.

Nothing adds more to the dilapidated appearance of a place than a lot of neglected shrubs in the front yard. They seem to say that the place is running down, that the owner has lost his interest in making things tidy and neat, and that he has given up trying to do anything to stop the "onward march of circumstances" which have proved too strong for him. I am quite well aware, of course, that a neglected shrub does not say or mean all that in all cases, but it always seems to when I see it. It probably means, in most cases, that the owner has grown careless, and the enthusiasm which was his when he set the shrub out has waned to such an extent that he has ceased to give it any attention. This is not as it should be. If you do not care to give the shrubs in your yard the care they must have if you would have them an ornament to it, cut them down and dig out the roots, and let the grass have a chance at the ground they occupy.

If you have any shrubs which have fallen into unhealthiness on account of neglect, it may not be too late to save them, or some part of them from which a good plant can be raised to take the place of the old one. By digging about them and cutting off the old decayed or decaying roots, leaving only such as show signs of vitality enough to nourish whatever new growth may be made, by cutting away the grass which has choked them, and by putting in good, rich soil for the new roots that will be formed to feed on, you may, in most cases, induce them to put forth a new and healthy growth. All old, weak top-growths should be cut away, leaving only such shoots or branches as are strong. I have seen old Rose bushes renewed in this way, so that in a year or two they became strong and vigorous where they had for years been without blossoms.

One reads a great deal of nonsense in the papers. I often see the Lily of the Valley recommended as a fine flower for winter forcing. One writer says, in a late number of a prominent floral journal: "It is not only one of the easiest of all flowers to grow in the house in winter, but one of the most delightful. All you have to do to obtain flowers from the pips, is to plant them in rich earth, put the pot in a dark place for a month, and

then bring them to the light. In a short time you will have the pleasure of seeing the green leaves unfold, and soon the spikes of pure white little bells will 'ring out fairy chimes' for you, and give you odors 'from Araby the Blest.'" This sounds pretty; but it is, if my experience is good for anything, simply nonsense. I have tried forcing this plant a dozen times, in the sitting room and the greenhouse, and I have never yet succeeded in getting a good crop of flowers. I have not relied on pips dug up in the garden, but have used those sent out by florists who prepare them for forcing by some special treatment. I was talking with a professional florist, not long since, and he told me that he never advised any one who came to him for bulbs to try this plant for winter-flowering. In order to get good flowers from them they must be given treatment that the amateur is not able to give them. I would like to hear from some of the professional ones about this. \* If any amateur has been successful in coaxing them into bloom in the house in winter, let him or her tell us how it was done. I am what most persons call a successful amateur in floriculture, but I have to confess that this plant has been "too much for me." I regret this greatly, for no one can admire it more than I do, and if I could grow it satisfactorily I would have a dozen pots of it each winter.

Right here I would speak a good word, or several of them for that matter, for the Freesia. I potted a large number of the little bulbs, last October, in rich soil made up of rotted barnyard manure, leaf-mold and sand. I put from four to six in a five-inch pot. In January they were full of blossoms. The lily-shaped flowers are about an inch and a half long, and an inch across, and from four to eight are borne on each spike. Some of them are pure white, others have a delicate blotch of palest yellow at the lower edge of the throat. They have an odor almost exactly like that of the *Olea fragrans*. They last for some days, and are very fine for

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\* We believe there are plenty of amateur cultivators among our readers who have been quite successful in the house culture of Lily of the Valley, and found it no difficult task, either. Their statements to this effect have been published at different times in these pages, but we shall be pleased to hear from some of them again on this subject.—ED.

cutting on this account. A group of them reminds one of a clump of miniature Lilies. I much prefer them to the Hyacinth for winter-flowering. The latter is a beautiful and fragrant flower, but unless great care is taken the spike will refuse to lengthen as it ought to, and the result will be that the flowers are all crowded along a dwarf and squatty spike, down among the leaves.\* This difficulty may be avoided by covering the plant with an inverted flower-pot when the spike shows its buds. Covering it will cause the spike to stretch out in the shade. But it is not necessary to do any thing like that with the Freesia. It will take care of itself after you have tied up its somewhat slender stalks to a neat stake. For bouquets it is charming, and for the decoration of rooms it is our best forcing bulb, with the exception of *Lilium Harrisii*. I notice that some florists advise taking the bulbs out of their pots after the foliage ripens, and keeping them through the summer as one keeps a Tuberose through the winter. Others advise letting them remain in the pots, as we do the Gloxinias sometimes, and starting them into growth in the fall. Will some one who knows tell us which is the best way? Pots of Freesia in full bloom, set among pots of *Adiantum cuneatum* and *A. gracilimum*, formed a very fine table decoration for me last New Years day. The delicate fronds of these two beautiful Ferns harmonized perfectly with the airy grace of the little Lilies, for such the Freesia blossoms seemed to be, and each enhanced the beauty of the other. No touch of vivid color was needed to make the table bright. The white petals showing against the lace-like Fern leaves furnished brightness enough without the addition of other flowers.

R.

\* This is caused by bringing the plants too soon into light.—ED.

#### WINEKIN.

As the juice of the Grape in its unfermented form is coming largely into use as a beverage, the need of a proper word to designate it is experienced. Unfermented wine, unfermented Grape juice, fresh Grape juice, preserved Grape juice, &c., are terms that have been used for it, but these are too long for ordinary use. A

short, expressive word should be employed. The right one is *winekin*, meaning related to wine. Its analogue is *ciderkin*, a word that has long been in use to denote the juice of the Apple, taken as soon as expressed and heated sufficiently to keep it fresh when bottled. The word *winekin* is so short and appropriate that it only needs to be introduced to be appreciated and adopted.

#### INCH PLANT—POISON REMEDY.

In the April number of the MAGAZINE, page 112, "A Subscriber" inquires about the Inch Plant. The editor, not having a sufficient knowledge of Corn-dodger nomenclature, asked "any one" to "inform us of a plant by this name." In the May number, page 148, "Old Subscriber," for us Corn-dodger-eating suckers, gave an intelligent and comprehensive answer. The "common Tradescantia," known better to "any one" of us suckers as Joint Plant, Inch Plant, California Ivy, California Myrtle, Wandering Jew, &c. On page 81 of VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, you will find "Tradescantia, often called Wandering Jew." If "Old Subscriber" never lived among rocks he would never have dreamed that *Saxifraga sarmentosa* was a Wandering Jew.

The poison emitted from Ivy and other poisonous shrubs (pardon us for not giving botanical names,) is often very serious. For the benefit of "any one" of the readers of the MAGAZINE, we will give the following prescription for external application: Carbolic acid, two drams; Soda sulphate, three drams; water, six ounces: Mix, and apply constantly with sponge or cloth. ANY ONE, *Milford Ill.*

#### SEEDS OF PERENNIALS, &c.

There seems to be a good deal of uncertainty of success in raising hardy perennials from seed. I have tried a number of kinds, among them *Aquilegia*, *Alyssum saxatile*, *Campanula*, *Digitalis*, *Delphinium*, and *Pentstemon*, also *Rhododendron*. I have sowed them in both spring and fall, in shaded beds and boxes, but could get none of them to germinate. If it is possible to get a good percentage of such seeds to grow and make plants, I would like to know it, for plants of this class are the most beautiful and useful with which our gardens can be adorned.

How should Sweet Potatoes be treated to cause them to blossom and mature seed?

A READER, *Arcata, Ill.*

Seeds of perennials are somewhat slower to germinate than annuals, but if



properly managed there is little difficulty with them. The seed can be sowed in fine soil in shallow boxes and watered with a very fine rose, and kept in the greenhouse. The soil should not be allowed to get dry, and to prevent it, keep it covered with paper until the young plants appear. If one has not the convenience of a greenhouse the plants can be raised in a window. If water is supplied by means of a common watering can it is a good plan to lay a piece of brown paper on the surface of the soil and water on this, allowing it to soak through. Keep the paper on until the seeds begin to push.

As Sweet Potatoes are not raised from seed the production of it has never had much attention. If any of our readers in Southern regions can say under what circumstances Sweet Potatoes bloom and mature seed, we shall be pleased to publish the information.

#### SULPHIDE OF POTASH.

By some mismanagement of a greenhouse, in April last, in this city, a stock of some twenty thousand young Rose plants became infested with mildew to such an extent that their leaves were curled up as if quite withered, showing only a dull gray—no green surface appeared on all the foliage. They were treated to sulphide of potash, a quarter of an ounce to a gallon of water, syringed with a very fine rose. In the morning the remedy was applied again, and the plants kept close. Before night nearly all the plants had expanded their foliage and the fungus was evidently destroyed. They were then syringed with clear water, and have since made a good growth.

#### STRIPED BUGS.

Every one should know that a little calomel mixed with flour or ashes sprinkled on Cucumber or Squash vines will keep them entirely clear of the yellow bug. Last year I used only twenty cents worth, and had a large patch of Melons, Cucumbers and all kinds of Squashes. They go immediately, and "stand not on the order of their going"

Mrs. H—, Boonesboro, Iowa.

#### BOUQUET OF BALSAMS.

Did you ever try the effect of a bouquet of loose boughs of double Balsams? If you have, you will, perhaps, think as most who have tried it, that even Roses are scarcely more beautiful. If not, you can hardly fail to be pleased with them.

J. A. M. J.

#### NEW YORK ARBOR DAY.

The Friday following the first day of May, by recent act of the Legislature, is now constituted Arbor Day for the schools of this State.

#### AMERICAN FLORISTS.

The fifth annual meeting of the Society of American Florists will be held in New York on the 14th, 15th and 16th days of August next.

#### GROUND OF RURAL RESIDENCES.

See page 123 of this MAGAZINE for conditions of a prize of twenty-five dollars for sketch of well arranged grounds of country residence.

AMERICAN SEED TRADE ASSOCIATION meets in Chicago, Illinois, on Tuesday, the 12th day of June.



# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## A TRIPLE ENTERTAINMENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Auntie Grace could not think it best that her young boy should imagine himself able to entertain any but those whom he considered his playmates, and whom he expected should entertain him in return. Thus far, he had been perfectly artless in his easy, careless methods of speech-making and story-telling, and she wished to keep him so. Therefore, she objected to his making any demonstrations of that kind before so many who were total strangers to him, even if he were willing to do so—which was doubtful.

"Why, don't you know," said she, "that a child of that age should be in bed and sound asleep, this minute? Though, of course, this evening had to be an exception to the rule." But Chauncey, having caught the idea of having a speech from Hugh, assured his aunt that he could arrange the matter. Hugh, and such of Gracie's friends as he had already met, could be partly shut in to themselves by the sliding-doors, while the rest of the company could be grouped within easy hearing of that vociferous voice, without his suspecting it. So she reluctantly consented.

But, lo! Hugh, himself objected—said he was tired of making speeches. But Gracie put her arms around him so coaxingly, and said, "Please, Hughey," so persuasively that he relented, though, boy-like, he did not quite yield the point, but compromised by saying that if they would "play church" he'd preach a sermon. This being a new field of effort, the result was so doubtful that his mother became really nervous lest he should fail to either amuse or interest the many listening ears. Even his uncle was about to carry out a repeated declaration that he should do himself the pleasure of taking down one of his nephew's effusions, and had secured a private corner for the purpose.

And now to explain some rather remarkable allusions in the following ser-

mon, it must be understood that Hugh had attended Sabbath School a few times—had been an unobserved listener to the reading of current war literature—and that his father was a physician. Judging from the appearance of the manuscript from which this is literally copied, great indulgence of the types will be necessary in order to faintly portray the intensity of the delivery.

"You can't laugh in church," he said, as he mounted a chair and gravely surveyed his congregation to see when all were ready, while his mother was vainly trying to imagine what the child could find to say. To her great surprise he selected a rhyming text, in a moderate tone, and then went on with his muddle-of-a-sermon, without hesitation, to the end. Said he:

" ' You must not work, you must not play  
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.' "

"Now, in the first place, here was this world—*nothing but just the world!* Then God made darkness—p-u-r-e darkness! Then He made the sky, and then the waters, and then He made *Noah!* Then Noah built the ark, and he and all his folks got in, for God was going to drown *all the wicked people in the world!* and Noah told 'em so; but they mocked him till the rain began to come and the houses began to sunk, and then they got frightened and tried to climb to the *tip-top of the tallest trees!* But Noah told 'em 'twasn't any use—and 'twasn't, for the water came up to 'em and drowned 'em all at last! Drowned e-v-e-r-y body in the *whole, WHOLE world!* "

"And now, Adam, he was the first man, and Eve was the last!—and God put them in a *beautiful* garden, and He told 'em they might eat the fruit that was on all the trees but one. But Adam, he thought he must taste of the fruit that was on that tree, too, and see if it was good; and 'twas. So he told Eve, and *she* took some. Then God was just as angry at them as He could be, and drove



'em out of the garden, and made 'em work for a living until the *sweat just run down their cheeks!*

"And after God had made everything that He could make He made the Sabbath day, and that was His *resting day*. And now *everybody* ought to be *good*, for God has made every single thing that could be made clear on to the end, *just to please us!* and if we aint pleased, we ought to be pleased, for 'twas all done on *purpose for us!* He made the horses, and cows, and wild animals, and the grass and flowers, and Je—, and the great tall trees, and the birds to build nests in 'em, and the hou— and the carpenters to build houses, and men to make medicine and keep drug stores. And now, if we aint pleased, we *ought* to be pleased, and we *ought to be ashamed if we aint pleased!!*

"Now, some wicked folks go to war and kill each other; but they can *never* go up to heaven! What good does it do to shoot folks down? *Don't do any good!* What good does it do to kill 'em with swords? *Don't do any good! not a bit! Might as well let 'em live!* and, besides, they can never go to heaven! but will get burnt up, or hung, or something else!! Amen!!

And thus ended the queer sermon. The youthful audience on both sides of the sliding doors and those behind the heavy portière seemed to have been greatly entertained, and so Auntie Grace tried to be satisfied, but promised herself, the while, that this evening's experience must never be repeated, so fearful was she that her baby-boy might finally grow into the idea that he was rather a smart sort of a chap, and she knew that then he never would be smart, for such boys rarely apply themselves to patient study during their school day, (as all boys have to do in order to become first-class men,) and frequently, in after life, they wake up to a surprised sense of some one being in advance of them in every way, whom they had once rather scorned as being slow and plodding. So Auntie Grace had wisely learned that precocious children are to be repressed or held back, while the slow, backward ones are to be stimulated and helped forward.

But we must return to the waiting bevy of young people, where we find Auntie

Grace again besieged for "something new." (Gracie and her company, however, had tripped off up-stairs, taking Hugh with them.)

"Let me see," said she, thoughtfully, "I can give you something you might like, though the original idea is not new. It is in a new setting, however, and I should have to impose my help upon you in order to carry it through."

"So much the better," cried several voices, "that's just what we'd like."

"Well, then," said she, "I am to be a very wealthy woman with some rather fixed ideas of reform, who has determined to establish a colony in the far west, and has so advertised. You are to be the applicants—strangers to me, and will have to bring me written recommendations of character and capacity. (These, however, are only slips of folded paper, containing the name of your vocation and a few hints to help you out in your new character, as there is no time for studied preparation.) You are not to read each others' papers, but Chauncey and Juliet will distribute them to you in the next room, making chance selections, so as to be impartial. Then Chauncey and Juliet may first apply to me for permission to join my colony, and by listening to them you'll see just how it works. Any spicy or ridiculous thing you can say in favor of your acceptance will make it all the more amusing. Now, go and get your papers, and I'll be ready for you."

Only a few minutes had passed until Chauncey, having selected a special vocation for himself, was handing his "certificate" to the lady-colonist, who first glanced at the contents and then addressed him:

"I am very glad, sir, to have so early a response to my published notice. I see you come well recommended, and that you offer yourself as farmer—a very essential class. With the culture of what products are you most familiar?"

*Farmer.* I have mostly cultivated large crops of Tobacco. [*Colonist shrugs her shoulders.*] But could raise good Corn on tobacco land, and could sell the surplus to distillers at big prices, you know, and ———.

*L. Col.* So in lieu of Tobacco you'll give us whisky, will you? Unless you give a pledge that nothing shall be grown except for the best good of the colony,



we shall have no use for you. For the present be seated, a lady is in waiting. [*Juliet steps forward and hands a paper, which Colonist reads.*] Ah, you are a brave woman to open a boarding-house for us. If well conducted, you'll have plenty of patronage.

*Board.-House L.* I never kept a "hash-house." My boarders always say that my cooking is "just like their mother's." That's all the praise I want.

*L. Col.* Quite sufficient. We shall be glad to consider you one of our number. Pray be seated. [*Receives and reads another paper.*] I learn, sir, from this that you are a physician; to what school of medicine do you belong?

*Physician.* O, I treat my patients according to their preferences. I am familiar with the allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic, eclectic, religio-psychologic and mind-cure systems.

*L. Col.* Your attainments are certainly remarkable; we'll think further of this. Here comes another. [*Reads certificate.*] So, you, sir, are an undertaker. I'd quite forgotten that anybody could die in our colony.

*Undertaker.* So had I until I saw that quack applying to you. Business is rather dull, and I knew if I'd follow him I'd have plenty to do. He always bleeds, blisters and gives calomel the first visit, then waits to see what is needed next.

*L. Col.* And I suppose you are needed next. Well, he'll not join our colony. You'll have to follow him elsewhere. [*Another lady in waiting. Receives note and reads.*] I learn, Miss, that you would like to join our colony in the capacity of a lady's companion.

*Lady's Com.* Yes, madam. I am a beautiful reader of anything from Mother Goose to Shakespeare. My voice is very musical—[*changes voice to a sing-song tone,*] can render the dullest literature in the most charming mannah possible. Could po'tray the charactahs of those with whom I have lived in the most ludicrous and entahtaining style for youeh amusement when feeling depressed.

*L. Col.* Could you, indeed! Well, you may be seated. I shall need a companion myself, but shall be very cautious in my selection. [*Is handed another paper, and reads.*] So, at last, we are to have a house carpenter, I see. A very timely application. Our colony cannot live in tents.

*House Car.* Yes, madam, I'm at your service. Can build anything from a pig-pen to a palace.

*L. Col.* Very well. Consider yourself one of us. And whom have we next? [*Reaches for note and reads.*] A lady physician!—a regular graduate. This is good; for being human we are sure to have ailments. Will the undertaker go with us now? [*Undertaker calls out.*] No, I'll not follow *her*. I'd starve to death! [*Lady Colonist reads another note.*] You apply, sir, as a lawyer, I see. I really hope that our colony will be too peaceably and honorably inclined to furnish employment to your class. A notary public is all we shall need at present. Please let that lady approach. [*Lawyer slips away, muttering, "We fellows have to catch it on every hand, and yet no community can exist without us."*]

*L. Col.* At last we have some one who offers herself as housekeeper. Strange they are so scarce, when homes cannot exist without them. I shall engage you for myself, and will give you a *home* in every sense of the word. And now comes another. [*Reads.*] A geologist! Of what practical use can you be to our colony?

*Geologist.* I might be of immense use in pointing out your mines of ore and coal, if you have them, and in locating your wells for natural gas and oil.

*L. Col.* Very true. I had not thought of that. Your name goes down as one of us. And whom have we here? [*Reads a note.*] Ah, yes; a type-writer, or private secretary, is just what I shall need myself. You are welcome. And now an architect applies.

*Architect.* Yes, madam, I can design and build you anything from a fancy chicken coop to a church, court house or theater.

*L. Col.* Very good. We shall want a school house and a church building quite soon. Shall depend on you. And still another applicant. [*Reads.*] A school teacher. You will certainly be needed. What branches of study—[*Here the L. Col. clutches at the person nearest her, in great alarm, as a new applicant staggers toward her, announcing himself as a saloon keeper.*]

*Saloonist.* Heard ye's—hic—startin' col'ny—like a join—run s'loon—tip-top—

*L. Col.* [*Rising.*] Get out of here, quickly. If you were sober, you'd know



better than to come on such an errand. Can't somebody help me? [*Several boys make a rush to put him out. Then, nervous and excited, she secures a fresh applicant.*] You come recommended as a music teacher. Do you teach vocal or instrumental music?

*Music T.* Both. I can train the poorest voice to sing like a nightingale, and can teach instrumental music from a piano to a jews-harp.

*L. Col.* I think, for a time, we must depend on our natural voices and the song-birds for vocal music, and for instrumental music we shall have the whirl and buzz of wheel and saw. You will, doubtless, find a more congenial position. Allow that gentleman to approach, please. [*Reads note.*] An editor! Well, you can certainly make things spicy for us, and keep us from getting sluggish. What shall you call your journal?

*Editor.* I shall call it *The Hesperian Boom-a-rang*.

*L. Col.* That's rather stunning. Should think its title alone might attract subscribers.

*Editor.* Thanks. That's what I hope for.

At this stage of proceedings Auntie Grace was slyly informed that refresh-

ments would soon be served, and her colony must be concluded. But the rest of the applicants were all heard, including a millwright, a minister, merchant, carriage maker, artist, book-keeper, dressmaker and others.

At the conclusion, Auntie Grace told them that, when desirable, the play could be continued by each one choosing useful articles for the colony that begin with the same letter, taking the alphabet in course, thus: Chauncey might begin with A, and name axes, apples, acorns, aconite, ammunition and arrows. While Juliet would next take B, and choose bedding, baskets, books, bread and bows, (the latter being for arrows,) and so on to the end.

Up stairs a story had been coaxed out of Hugh, and he was telling about a grasshopper bigger than an elephant, with elbows reaching to the tree-tops, that had jumped over a mountain right into a fish-pond, and splashed all the water over the town and drowned the people.

And now, as all, up stairs and down, are being formed into groups around small tables, before the refreshments are brought in, we'll slip out unobserved.

MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

## FLOWERS IN CHINA.

Pæonies are great favorites. The Chinese taste for brilliant colors finds great delight in these gorgeous flowers, which grow finely in that climate. I was called once by a Chinese friend to see a "very handsome flower," and being led into a court yard where were a number of vases, I saw one or two blood red Pæonies. The Chrysanthemum is Japan's national flower. On the Imperial buildings and the Imperial postage stamps, as well as the coinage of the realm, the national flower is conspicuous. In China, though destitute of these patriotic associations, the Chrysanthemum is, nevertheless, very highly prized. Early in the season, a single stalk is selected, and rooted in a pot. It is then carefully "suckered," only one flower or two being allowed to grow. The soil is kept well fertilized, and in the early fall months one can buy for a few cents a vase of them that looks like a bunch of variegated ostrich plumes.

I know not why, but so it is, that the Peach blossoms, so pleasant to all American eyes as the first bright colors to be seen in quantity out of doors, and so welcome as harbingers of spring, have fallen into unpleasant associations in China. A very pathetic song, representing to the Chinese what "The Beautiful Snow" does to an American, bewails the life of a poor, fallen girl, who "cannot see why heaven should have doomed her to a Peach blossom fate." The Chinese gardeners are quick to learn to cater to the foreign taste for flowers of the homelands. There are so many flowers now grown in perfection around Shanghai, many of which are manifestly of foreign origin, others doubtful, and still others evidently indigenous, that one can scarcely find out which are new comers and which native to the soil. The Strawberry was a rarity in China only a few years ago; now the fruit may be had in great abundance and at reason-



able prices. Having no name of their own for the fruit, the Chinese call it "Snake-head fruit," "Arbutus berry," and the like.

There is a berry or fruit of a rich red color, in outward form almost exactly like a Sycamore ball, but very juicy, that is in size and shape a little like the Strawberry. This, Dr. JOSEPH EDKINS calls the "Arbutus." It grows on a tree, and is called *yang mei*. It is a beautiful sight in June to see the soft, feathery flowers of the Mimosa growing wild along the canals. The Nasturtium is brought by Chinese gardeners to a perfection I have never seen in this country, and Geraniums do finely. Almost everything in China is potted; flower beds are not frequent. In their pleasure parks and tea gardens the prevailing features are serpentine walks, rustic bridges over canals of green, stagnant water, artificial mounds, rockeries and labyrinths, pools full of gold fish a foot or more in length, dwarf trees and climbing vines. Dampness prevails everywhere, and spiders run riot. The pavements of soft, porous brick, or broad tiles, are always cold and clammy, and there are never any fires to warm by.

The Lotus flower is seen everywhere, on the streets and in pictures. The long, many-jointed white roots are eaten raw, the seeds are used in cooking, and the flower, always associated more or less with Buddha, or *Kwan-Yin*, the Goddess of Mercy, is looked upon as sacred.

Looking at the pictures one sees of Chinese tea gardens, they appear very picturesque. A good one appeared in VICK'S MAGAZINE in 1883 or 1884, of a tea garden in Shanghai. I have visited the garden, and while the picture is correct, it is, nevertheless, as are most pictures of houses, somewhat flattering. You would be disappointed to find that that cool looking water is green and stagnant, that those rustic seats are damp and full of ants, that those grounds are afflicted with heaps of rubbish and pools of filth whose odors are too pungent for western nostrils. And while dozens of Celestials smoked their gurgling water pipes, or sipped their tea, destitute of milk or sugar, with great delight, you would consider a quiet verandah in your clean foreign house far preferable to it, and would soon be gone.

WILLIAM W. ROYALL.

### WRITTEN IN THE FLOWERS.

I've been reading from the poem  
God has written for the world.  
There's a thought of mighty meaning  
In the Rose with dew impearled.  
There's a message for His children  
Folded in each flower that blows;  
He is blind who fails to read it;  
Happy he who reads and knows.

He, who paints the Rose and Lily,  
Loves us as He loves the flowers;  
He is giving bloom and beauty  
To this little world of ours,  
That our hearts toward the Giver  
May a thankful thought uplift,  
And our lives be made the brighter  
And the better for the gift.

Come and read the message written  
In the Rose's heart, to-day;  
In the field and in the forest,  
Hear what all the green leaves say:  
He, who sendeth rain and sunshine,  
Cares alike for great and small;  
God's great heart is kind and tender,  
And His love is over all.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

